

AN ANARCHIST JOURNAL

THE MATCH!

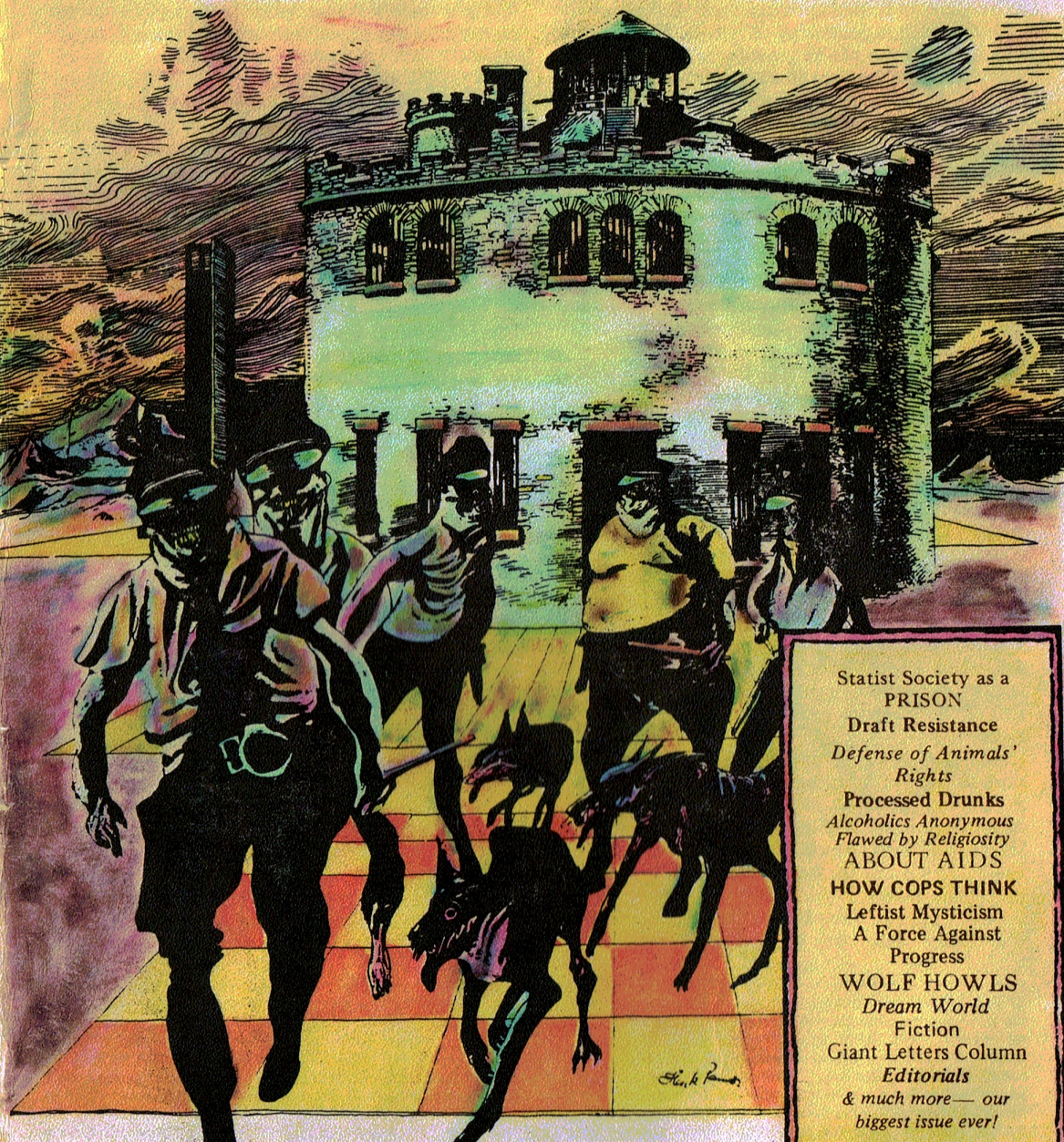
7604/12/84/24

ANARCHISM— The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

Issue Number Eighty-Two

November 11, 1987

\$2.00 a Copy



Statist Society as a
PRISON

Draft Resistance

Defense of Animals'
Rights

Processed Drunks

Alcoholics Anonymous
Flawed by Religiosity

ABOUT AIDS

HOW COPS THINK

Leftist Mysticism

A Force Against
Progress

WOLF HOWLS

Dream World

Fiction

Giant Letters Column

Editorials

& much more — our
biggest issue ever!

MOST OF US have gone through some sort of "student protester" phase, and those whose experience was in the days of the Vietnam war will clearly recall the issues and contentions. People tended to join movements and demonstrations for their own highly personal reasons, not out of any deep, narrowly investigated ideology (when you're 18 or 20 years old you don't have any ideology, only opinions, thank goodness). If you're like me you remember a time of exhilaration at the beginning, when you were excited to discover that there were many other people who seemed to share your ideals. Then came a period of disillusionment when mounting evidence began to prove that a number of your fellow protesters were actually hypnotized by some form of authoritarian statism—often Communism. More forms of dictatorial society were just what you didn't want, so you began to put a little distance between you and them. At last you might have seen that despite some superficial agreements (such as in opposing the war), you were light-years away from membership in the "New Left".

New Left true-believers, it always seemed to me, were a bizarre type on the whole: they were very rigid people often locked into extremely set attitudes and poses. One fellow I remember, who was a scion of some Communist sect, tried to dress and look exactly like Trotsky. He carried a briefcase everywhere he went and at opportune moments would extract some important-looking documents and pretend utter absorption in their contents. Once I got a look at the headings on a couple of sheets of paper, but they didn't mean anything to me. About two years later the guy was going through the same pose and I sidled around so I could peer over his shoulder again—yes, it was still the same old stuff he was lugging all over the place as part of his Leftist Intellectual disguise.

Then there were the Cantrells. They always showed up in paint-spattered boots and looked as if they'd just put in a hard day in some construction project that never ended. They liked to launch into long speeches that were incredibly exhausting to listen to, full of words like "workers" and "bourgeoisie", the "role" of some or other "class". I finally found out that they touched up their boots from time to time by sticking an old

toothbrush in a two-ounce can of model paint and flicking the bristles so that drops landed on their apparel. They weren't painters or indeed any kind of workers; their income came from a trust fund and they lived in the foothills in a house with a swimming pool. (Nowadays, I hear, they're stock-brokers.)

The "New Left" wasn't the protest movement, it was a theatrical appendage to it, and I could go on with stories (some humorous, some not) of the

FROM THE EDITOR

stagey behavior of some of those people of long ago. But let's get to the present.

This past fall there've been several retrospectives on what is becoming known as "the sixties", and they're changing history right from the start by moving all protest into the period 1960-69, whereas it really occurred from about 1964 to 1973. Usually these public class-reunions are sponsored by some organization that is basically inimical to the best ideals of the old Movement, and the people invited to speak at them are a careful blend of apostates and yuppies whose latest attention-seeking pose is to beat their breasts and bemoan how mistaken they were, back in those distordly-remembered times.

In October, Washington DC was host to a propagandistic agenda as the former editors of *Ramparts* magazine, David Horowitz and Peter Collier, convened what they called the Second Thoughts Conference, attended by about thirty ex-"radicals" who were almost all, except for a couple of tokens, willing to bleat that they'd been wrong and that the New Left had been a self-aggrandizing conglomeration of deluded Commie statists. And they'd be right, if that's as far as they went, but they go beyond admitting their own mistakes; they try to make it seem that their authoritarian attitudes and radical postures back then were in fact the entire "movement".

Consider *Ramparts* magazine, for instance. In the years of its publication it spoke glowingly of

all sorts of national liberation movements but never questioned the matrix of ideology in which these were embedded—the implicit assumption that any successful movement of the type would of course set up its own government and state apparatus. While *Ramparts* certainly attacked the United States' particular statist operations, it only did so because the government was performing actions at odds with what the editors and writers thought proper governments should actually do. They missed completely the whole concept of freedom versus authoritarianism that animates Anarchism, almost as if the publishers had sailed obliviously by an entire continent with their eyes fixed on the discovery elsewhere of a tiny island.

More recently, Collier and Horowitz have proudly announced that they voted for Ronald Reagan, while utilizing the of course eagerly-proffered forum of the Washington Post to condemn leftism across the board. Once again, this would be well and good (except for the voting for this incredible senile psychotic and religious loon who threatens human existence with his war-frenzied christian fundamentalism) if only they had come to understand that the leftism they condemn is wrong because of its authoritarian content, but blithely they turn around and support yet another statist regime—that of the United States—thinking that they have discovered something altogether different.

(Interestingly enough, writer-lecturer Murray Bookchin stated only last year that the existence of Anarchism in the U.S. was precarious ever since the demise of the "Anarchist" periodicals, *Ramparts*, *Liberation*, and *Win*. In fact, none of these magazines was ever in the slightest anarchistic, aside from the popular confusion of New Leftism with Anarchism. But that's my opinion, of course, though if I may, I'll back it up by inquiring: could actual Anarchist publishers, if that's what Horowitz and Collier were, have made such a long journey from anti-statism to railing about

"hypocritical, self-dramatizing anti-Americanism," as they did in their Post article, or standing before television cameras as Horowitz recently did as he named "Communist sympathizers in Congress" and termed Sandinista-supporters "traitors"? Isn't that, to be realistic here, a bit too large of a swing for actual anti-statists to have made?)

Other speakers at the Second Thoughts Conference continued proving that none of them has actually had second thoughts at all, but that they have remained firmly anchored to their old rock of statism: panelists went on record supporting higher taxes, feminism, strong military "defense". Ronald Radosh revised his old opinion and publicly stated that he thought the Rosenbergs had been guilty after all. But none of this is surprising, as the conference was, while convened by Collier and Horowitz, nominally, actually financed by Jeremiah Denton's ultra-right wing National Forum Foundation. Denton, a religious nut and Vietnam Veteran, former prisoner of war held by the North Vietnamese, paid the pipers and very clearly called the tune.

Still another conference recently held fea-



"...And if elected I promise government by the people, of the people, for the people, in the people, over, around, through, above, behind, below, after, with and without the people."

THE MATCH! is published as often as we can get around to it (one to four times a year), and exists solely for the following purpose: to criticize authoritarian society and religion in order to show the many humane advantages of freedom and rationality. THE MATCH! is affiliated with no groups or organizations, and is purely an independent periodical. Typographical work and editorial antics are by Fred Woodworth, Post Office Box 3488, Tucson, Arizona USA 85722. To subscribe and receive four mailings (including our pamphlet issuances), send \$6.00 in cash, check, or money-order (\$10 equivalent in local currency preferred for overseas subscriptions), or, if you haven't got the money, fill out form 3792 in quadruplicate giving us your complete life history—or wait, that's what the State does, not us. If you can't afford the paltry, measly price we ask, let us know and we'll probably send you the magazine anyway, figuring that conditions must be worse than even we had thought they were. Note: we are hard-up too, but under no conditions will paid advertising ever be accepted. Submissions of stories, articles and letters from readers are always welcome, except in the case of religious nuts, authoritarian creepo types, etc. (you know who you are). This is issue number eighty-two, Nov. 11, 1987.

tured Tom Hayden, who is now a California senator, and naturally he and his buddies too had had much to think about regarding their old role. Mostly they thought they oughtn't have opposed the war in Vietnam at all, since their opposition "prolonged" it. If refusing to cooperate, hindering and impeding at every turn and denouncing in every public forum available, is actually a way of advancing something, you'd think Anarchism would be the most popular and well-known item in philosophy today. In truth, Hayden and his cohorts are spouting just so much bunk. Now that they are governmentalsists, it scares them to think of people spontaneously taking "the law", i.e., the affairs of society, into their own hands. Hayden, et al, would far prefer that these affairs remain in their hands.

Meanwhile, outside some of the conferences, a very ominous sign was seen: Vietnam veterans, shouting and carrying signs, denounced even these week-kneed ex-protesters as traitors. Of all the factions from those old times, the faction of the organized killers and perpetrators of atrocities on civilian populations, has had absolutely no regrets and is more militant than ever before about the greatness of its role in history. Gatherings of "Nam Vets" seem to swell with barely-suppressed rage and bitterness as they try to cast themselves in the role of good-guys against vicious apathy and misunderstanding. If anyone tries to protest them, these thugs are itching to beat up, stab, and break every bone to prove that they weren't in reality violence-loving goons who dropped napalm for fun and raped the dead bodies of women whose throats they'd cut.

There need be no "second thoughts" about the 1960s (and '70s) spirit of opposition and protest. At base, this spirit was one of rebellion—an attempt to push back the repression of a war-like police-state. In its worse moments as expressed through the New Left, co-optation and posturings diverted this wonderful rebellion toward unwholesome visions of further statism. But for the most part those who are making large amounts of money in lecture fees and being enthusiastically paid for recantation articles in the mainstream press, are people who can think no second thoughts because they had no first thoughts years ago, but simply aped a pose that someone told them was radical because it was marxist.

HOW DEEPLY this infection authoritarian interaction, affects daily life, is often shown in little things you see or read, things that don't always have anything immediately to do with government. There is a man who lives on my street who takes inordinate notice of everyone passing by or working quietly in their own yards: he will shout at a person to get their attention, then begin hurling orders as if he were a

personal overlord, "Hey! You! Hey, buddy! You gonna clean up that driveway? And keep your dog away from my yard, understand? Hey! You! I'm talking to you!" Once when some passer-by accidentally spilled a drink in the street, he came hurriedly out his front door where he keeps watch and started yelling for them to come back and wipe up the "mess" in the street, using language like "Didn't you hear me? I told you to get back here and..." etc. (They glanced coolly at him and walked on.) Conjecture is that he is a prison guard or policeman, since it is thought that hardly anyone else could attain such a depth of nastiness and bullying. People seem to recognize a link between this kind of behavior and some variety of officialdom.

Some time ago I witnessed another incident involving still another of this sort of person, and realized once again that before there can be a free, anarchistic society, considerable re-working is going to have to be done to whatever training procedure it is that creates such personalities. I was reading the morning mail in the tiny postoffice that I habituate, when a man about 35 years old came in and went to the window. Something about his purposeful stride and an aura of grim enjoyment that he had made me look up from over at the long table where I was standing.

The man waited briefly at the window and when the pleasant middle-aged woman working there stepped up to the other side and asked if she could help him, he said, "I'd like to get the mail for Fenton & Yaeli, but I can't get the box combination to work." I realized he hadn't even attempted to open the combination lock-box.

"Oh, sure," said the clerk, politely. "What's your box-number?"

He told her and she stepped over to the appropriate pigeonhole and retrieved his mail for him, then handed it through the window.

He accepted the small group of letters but instead of reading them or even looking at them, he slapped them firmly several times against the counter. "Just like that, huh?" he asserted triumphantly in a loud voice. "All I have to do is tell you to get out the mail and you do it. You don't even ask for my I.D. or anything." There was such a note of smug self-satisfaction in his tone that I was literally appalled, and could see he had come in, strange as it may sound, with no other object in mind than to cause trouble. If the clerk had met his request by asking to see his identification (hardly necessary in an office that small where the patrons are known by sight), he would have swung his bullying in a different direction and sneered at the clerk for not recognizing his important visage at a glance.

The clerk got flustered and didn't really know how to respond to him, and he dragged out the encounter for another minute or two as he uttered remarks in that peculiar, macho not-quite-

strident but loud-enough for everyone to hear tone that marks the habitual bully. Uninvolved as I was, I took the opportunity to watch this man's face as it flitted through a number of transient expressions: gloating, joy, contempt. It was extremely plain that he derived some kind of pleasure from this fleeting chance to push another human being with his words.

Somewhat later I realized that the company name he had given was that of an extremely hard-nosed realty company that owns numerous rental units in the area, and is known among tenants as a high-handed, unsympathetic, gouging landlord.

Increasingly it seems to me that the attainment of a free society is going to involve much less economic restructuring than anybody has ever thought, and far more revamping of dominant modes of human behavior. I believe (although without any knowledge of formal studies that might back me up here) that children raised among polite, respectful adults must tend to become at least courteous and possibly non-authoritarian as they themselves grow older. Children raised among abusive, sneering adults will probably go one way or the other—becoming exactly like their elders or hating and dreading such behavior so much that they turn into rabid anti-authoritarians (this latter is, incidentally, my own case). Children raised in a more or less neutral mixture of the two tendencies develop randomly.

In other words, not only is there some possible action that can be taken, if we are ever going to have a free, peaceful society, those in a position to do so are going to have to take it. I see no other way to get rid of the traits that lead to the brutal cop, the bastard neighbor, the snotty boss—the person, in fact, who props up the whole boss-police-bastard system in all its pushy, exploitive, domineering ramifications.

BEDRAGGLED as it sometimes appears, Anarchism still is, as we see it, a major force in the world. How can that be, you ask? After all, its ideas are never debated in public; few have heard of them, its periodicals and books reach a limited audience. All that is true, but what is also true is that you don't have to know anything about formal Anarchism to yearn for freedom. The fact that the modern, almost all-encompassing State still meets some resistance here or there, the fact that the majority of people today fear the State and disregard its orders whenever they can, and the fact that mutual assistance, cooperation, and private free interaction have not even been wiped out by law and all its terrible effects, is proof that an immense reservoir of untapped, unorganized anti-Statism still persists even in the present harsh political climate.

However, there is no question but that a free society without government is a long way off,

perhaps centuries. One hundred years ago the Anarchists in Chicago were hung as a deliberate tactic to halt the spread of this philosophy, and while, in a way, the executions did serve to draw the attention of thinking people to the injustice of the law-system, the passage of time, the blanket of oblivion thrown over this event by the usual cartel of official history writers, and the emergence of the modern technological State with its almost infinite powers to manipulate, have unquestionably brought Anarchism to a lower ebb in the year 1987 than possibly ever before.

Strangely enough the road to that ghastly kind of utter chaos that is mistakenly called Anarchy, is just around the corner, courtesy of government's "defense" which has now placed civilization in a danger of being shattered. Thus the chances are greater than they've been in a thousand years that coercive States will lose their power everywhere at once, while at the same time the chances are minimal that a free society could come out of it because it's unlikely that any society at all would be able to survive the blow to the environment, to animal and plant life, and to the ability of human beings to interact in any cooperative or rational way.

Hemmed in at every turn, people have placed themselves, and allowed others to place them, in a huge prison. While conditions may be better or worse in some countries than others, it's just a case of the prison varying between extremes of medium and maximum security.

Our suggestions about how to confront the menace of legality-run-amok, are necessarily quite general, since the era we live in is one that demands building the foundation of Anarchy, not the top floor. First, never willingly cooperate with the State in any way. Make known your attitudes and reasons for them as you go about your life. Oppose encroaching statism wherever you can; be active against the many vicious laws that go into effect all the time. Abandon religion utterly and permanently, since it is the major justification for busebodyism—religious attitudes, not economics, are the primal force of authoritarianism.

Finally, concern yourself with the condition of animals. They are even worse off than human beings, at the hands of human beings, and the viciousness of behavior toward them corrupts behavior of persons toward each other.

There's not much else anyone can do in this primitive and barbaric era.



By Don Holbrook

WHAT the force of the State comes down to is police. Without police, most abuses of the populace couldn't take place at all—tax confiscation, the draft, enforcement of sex-and-morality laws, censorship, abuse of tenants at the behest of landlords, and many others. It's no accident that when we hear the latest news from Poland, South Africa, or Washington DC, the crowds of people raging for their rights are always being torn at viciously by well-funded, well-armed, numerous armies of—cops. Police are the bully-boys for every government, whether leftist or Nazi, monarchical or "democratic".

Police like to think of themselves as, and to promote their own image of being, "a thin, blue line" that stands between the citizenry and chaos. A more apt simile is police as a *thick gray wall* that serves as prison to human beings all over the earth. The policeman is the unelected, insured (and therefore unassailable legally), computer-informed spy and dictator who thrives on telling others what to do.

Yet some people may wonder, especially if they have not yet had the experience of being abused by police, if cops really are as bad as they sometimes look. To find out what goes on in the mind behind the badge, we delved into one of the standard texts of law enforcement, *Patrol Procedure*, by George T. Payton, fifth edition.

Early in the book the author ruefully quotes the classic assessment of police by A. L. Cornelius, who wrote back in the 1920s: "Policemen as a class are usually not well educated, skilled mechanically or industrious. They are men above the average in physical strength and appearance who have lacked sufficient persistence to acquire an education or learn a trade. Their contacts with the criminal element tend to make them suspicious of human nature. They are daily engaged in the prosecution of others and, of course, in defending their own acts. Their entire attention is focused upon the derelictions of mankind. Therefore it naturally follows that where a person is charged with a crime, the officer is naturally predisposed toward belief in his guilt."

Continuing with this blistering assessment, Cornelius wrote: "A policeman's duty also tends to make him officious, dictatorial and arbitrary toward individuals. Policemen as a class are inclined to be vain and somewhat egotistical." While the present author is at pains to laugh off this portrait or claim that if so once it no longer is now, many will recognize this old description as some of the most apt lines that have been penned in the English language. Let's see whether suspicion, arrogance, bullying and predisposition toward belief in guilt characterize the modern cop as trained by the current textbook.

Modern police technique is supposed to date from 1929. In that year Sir Robert Peel in England set up a police force and gave them a code of ethics. This code, which is pretendedly in force today, is certainly honored more in the breaking of it than in earnest observance. Who, for in-

HOW POLICE THINK

stance, has ever heard of a (constable) who is "civil and obliging to all people of every rank and class"? To point out immediately the prejudgment against certain persons, we note statements such as this one: "Another danger is that of the officer's personal morals. [He] spends a great deal of time dealing with moral degenerates and persons of little conscience. ...Female offenders ...are often willing to offer their bodies to police officers in hopes of receiving leniency... Since most officers work nights, they come in contact with women who also work nights, such as car hops, cafe waitresses, bar maids... and similar occupations. Many women in these fields have the reputation of being promiscuous."

Meanwhile, the following "rank and class" of people "should be developed as contacts and possible informants": "Service station attendants, custodians, window washers, newspaper vendors, deaf mutes, delivery men." (p. 89).

Under the heading of Suspicion we might place the following recommendations: "Suspicion

The man—or woman—
behind the badge
is armed and can be
extremely dangerous.
Here is a guide to the attitudes of such people, as exhibited in one of the standard texts for those entering a career of law enforcement.

arousers—Cars parked with occupants. It may be a stakeout, or for purposes of illegal sex, such as adultery, rape, oral copulation and sodomy." (All of those at once?) "When preliminary observation indicates only one person in the car, but on driving closer, another head pops up, this should arouse suspicion of an act of oral copulation. To confirm this suspicion, the officer should immediately use his flashlight to determine whether there are any zippers undone, or any obvious bulges in the trousers that would indicate a penis erection." (Page 209)

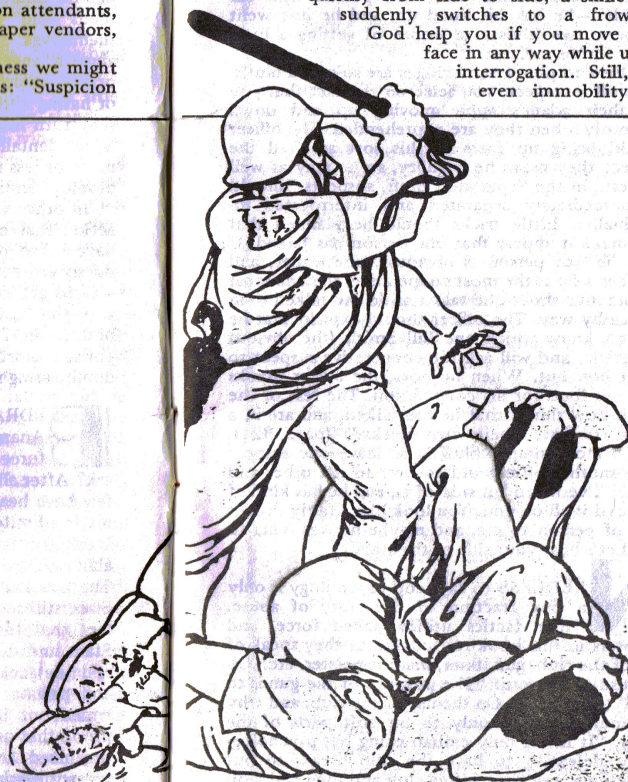
Further remarks in this same category come on page 301: "Deception and Lying: ...The following are some of the signs to watch for—eyes blinking very rapidly, the moving of the jaw quickly from side to side, a smile that suddenly switches to a frown..."

God help you if you move your face in any way while under interrogation. Still, lest even immobility aid

your escape, police are enjoined to remember that an *expressionless* face is likewise a giveaway to "criminal" *thoughts*, since "[Ex-convicts] assume poker faces whenever they assume something is happening or whenever they try to hide some emotion." "It can be quite noticeable when a police officer passes this person on the street. Where other people will at least give the officer a glance, the ex-con will walk by as though the police officer were not even there. His effort to conceal his concern will actually give him away." Give him away as what? As an ex-con? Somebody to be hassled? Then where is the vaunted respect for all ranks of people? Where is the respect for law itself, which decrees no further punishment after completion of a sentence?

Citizens of the free land must prove themselves un-guilty to the judge, jury, and executioner in uniform. When interrogating someone who is thought to be guilty of drunk driving, you may do any or all of the following: (1) Have suspect count fingers, by placing thumb first on index finger, then middle finger, then on ring finger and lastly on the little finger. Then go backwards and repeat on both hands. (2) Ask him to recite the alphabet. (3) Ask him to tell you when 15 seconds are up after you slap your hands together. (4) Have the suspect write his name or draw a circle or triangle (his performance can be compared against evidence taken the next day). (5) Make the suspect walk a straight chalk line (if not a member of the Flying Wallendas or other circus act, this may cause difficulty, but any hesitation whatsoever is ipso-facto evidence of guilt and intoxication). (6) The Suspect should be made to stand with feet together and eyes closed, then made to tilt his head back, first with his arms extended for balance, then with hands at his side. (7) The subject should be made to pick up objects off the pavement or floor. And it goes on and on, the number of circus-monkey tricks the free citizen can be put through limited neither by time nor variety, but only the inventiveness and maliciousness of the uniformed bully.

Little known is the fact that officers have the "right" in many states to obtain blood samples by force, to prove intoxication. "The law is quite clear on the right of the officer to forcibly take blood from a suspect, but most district attorneys advise against it on grounds that it will prejudice the jury against the officers." But again, psychology and subterfuge come to the rescue: "The officer should not ask for permission to take blood. He should approach the subject with the attitude that it is just a routine matter and show surprise that the subject even objects. The officer might use a little subterfuge by referring to the technician as the 'doctor'. This will ease [the subject's] fear somewhat. The officer can appeal to the subject's manliness by stating, 'You mean that



a big strong man like you is afraid of a little needle? Boy, what is the world coming to? Heck, we had a little old lady here an hour ago, and she wasn't the least bit afraid.' But this should be done only if he objects. Otherwise the officer should try to make as little of the matter as possible. He might just casually mention that a small blood sample is now going to be taken for his own protection. ...If the subject refuses to give blood, the officer should try to obtain a urine sample." (Page 480).

Also, an officer must be alert to appearances: "An officer arresting a drunk woman should be constantly aware of public relations. The public can be fooled by appearances. If the officer smiles and talks to her gently, even though he is nearly breaking her arm, the public will accept the action with approval." (Page 469).

CONTINUING in this line we come to the prescribed attitude of cops toward gay people: "Patrol officers should know the 'overt' practicing homosexuals on their beats. Because they sometimes have connections or associations with criminals, they make good informants." "Homosexuals will often hide servicemen who are AWOL or deserters in return for sexual favors. This is a reason why servicemen with known homosexuals should be stopped and their passes checked."

The ideal cop begins to sound like Governor Mechem with his variety of prejudices. Others include: protesters and demonstrators ("the officer can pick out the stooges from the professionals who are Communist trained or oriented by the terms they use. ...For example, the Socialist or Communist will seldom use the term 'Russia', but will refer to it as the 'Soviet Union'... He will use the term 'vested interests' for power politics, and will often use such words as 'exploit'.") (Page 305).

How well-respected are the law and the citizenry among police is seen by the many listed examples of "subterfuges" the procedural manual recommends throughout. One subterfuge concerns extraction of confessions: "Minimize the crime. If...minimized, it will be easier for the subject to admit it. This works quite well with juveniles. To a young kid...if an officer tells him he has done \$100 worth of damage, the kid will be so scared that his mouth will shut like a clam. How much easier for the kid to admit it if the officer states he doesn't know exactly how much the damage was, but he was sure it wasn't much. Once the kid admits the act, the... exact damage can be brought out."

"The sex offender...will be more prone to admitting his acts if he is told that it is quite common and that some very prominent people have done the same thing. By ...pretending to show a little understanding the officer can create the confidence that is necessary for a sex offender to reveal his offenses." In a later paragraph the cop is lectured to "Avoid discussing punishment. ...If asked, he should say, 'I'm glad you asked that, because it shows me that bla, bla, bla,' and he talks on and on but does not answer the question."

An officer arresting a drunk woman should be constantly aware of public relations. The public can be fooled by appearances. If the officer smiles and talks to her gently, even though he is nearly breaking her arm, the public will accept the action with approval.

—Patrol Procedure

If he did, it might cool the chances of obtaining the confession." (page 320).

Perhaps in part due to the cop's readiness to use such trickery himself, he is predisposed to think that others are utilizing similar subterfuges. Page 439 contains a listing of "excuses" that so-called "prowlers" are likely to come up with when seized by police: "The dog walker—the dog gets away from him and he has to chase it between houses. The Jogger—he had to take a leak real bad, so he just ran in between two houses to do it. He didn't want to expose himself... The person with car trouble—he has his hood up, and he just went between two houses in hopes of getting a little water for his radiator."

Allied to police subterfuges are so-called bluffs. To bluff a suspect, you seize on the fact that you see their adam's apple moving up and down nervously when they are apprehended. The officer should bring up facts of this sort and tell the suspect they mean he is guilty, so he may as well confess. In the Separation Bluff, suspects "should be immediately separated and interrogated individually. Little tricks should be planned that will make it appear that one person has talked. If there is one person is obviously the leader, and another who is the most cooperative, the one most cooperative should be taken aside and talked to in a friendly way. The officer should explain that he doesn't know which one Bill Smith (the obvious leader) is, and will ask the cooperative suspect to point him out. When he does, the officer thanks him out loud for his cooperation. The rest of the group now thinks that he has talked, and are in a mood to save their own necks." (page 321).

"A more simple bluff is to leave one suspect with another officer and go over to the other and state, 'I've heard his side of it, and he has kind of dumped it all on you. You look like a fairly decent sort of person to me, and maybe he was lying to me. Let's hear your side of the story.'"

NEEDLESS to say, cop psychology is only a tiny fraction of the story of abuse. Other tactics utilize naked force, and chapters in this book reflect that as they speak of use of the club, gun, taser, mace cannister, etc. On the use of the gun: "The purpose of the gun is to kill." (page 361). On the use of the club, and why it should be used only to hit soft parts of the body, "It is not only embarrassing but psychologically defeating to have the club break, to put everything you have into a club and then end with just a stick in your hand." "If you want to kill the person, use the gun, that's what it's for."

Other choice recommendations are found in the section on "The Wall Search", or how to stand citizens up against a wall. "Move his feet back until he is off balance and must rely on the wall for support... If he refuses to move his feet back, kick his feet back. ...You might loosen his belt and allow his trousers to fall. This would both immobilize and embarrass him." (Page 346).

But of course the officer is a gentleman. While he may be squeamish at feeling men's bodies, he will go ahead and do it anyway, not neglecting to grasp the privates. Women, however, are a different story, and they're liable to complain besides. So don't touch their bodies with your hands, use your club. "If an officer feels hesitant about grabbing or feeling a woman during a search, he may use his club to tap the suspected areas..." (page 348).

HOW COPS GET THAT WAY

Police training systematically introduces the concept that it is right to force others to obey orders—a notion that "democratic" society pretends to abhor, but which in fact it quietly fosters at every turn.

At the same time, individuals who become police are subjected to a slow and almost imperceptible change in themselves, which like the movement of the hands on a clock or the passage of the seasons, is hard to see at any particular point. A man or woman who is only moderately authoritarian at the time of first entering the police force, soon begins to accelerate on the racetrack to savagery. Perhaps the first time he or she witnesses fellow officers beating up a suspect with flashlights, and then charging the hapless victim with aggravated battery later on to cover up, the new recruit is horrified and astounded. But he or she says nothing because so many officers with greater experience are involved. The second time it happens, the new recruit looks the other way and feels terribly upset. The third time, he or she looks the other way and thinks, "Oh, no, this cruelty again." By the twentieth or fiftieth time, the rookie cop is used to seeing citizens kicked, punched, rapped, and thrown into walls. After eight years on the force, the man or woman thinks nothing of performing such acts—but nowhere along the line could the cop see himself or herself turning into a bully.

HOWEVER, we certainly wouldn't want to lend the impression here that cops treat women with anything but the undeviating spirit of democratic equality that they accord to men, so we'll copy out some of the philosophy on page 457: "Forcible rape is often falsely reported. ...In our society, we have a double standard in relation to sex. It is all right for the man to run around, but not the woman. Yet, women are human beings as well as men." Oh, good. "Occasionally a situation will arise, aided by the use of alcohol, where a woman will find herself compromising a man who is not her husband." Poor, tragic fellow. "If she has had a proper upbringing, she will be ashamed of her actions afterwards, and will start to rationalize. If she is remorseful enough, she can actually convince

Tragically, human understanding of events and the passage of time is deeply flawed. Attention span is short; public memory is even shorter. When the Social Security Act was instituted in the 1930s, numbers were assigned to working citizens with the specific proviso that these were not for identification purposes—today, a half-century later, one must provide the number at every turn to banks, driver's licensing bureaus, landlords, employers, passport office, the Internal Revenue "Service", auto registration agencies, and many other arms of the government and economy. When the Census was ordered by Congress in the late 1700s, it was to be a count of the people conducted every ten years—now, two centuries later, the Census Office can send you to prison for refusing to answer forms that include dozens of questions, the least of which is how many of you there are. The agency has slowly acquired the power to demand information on your religion, income, education, race, living conditions, and even the number of toilets there are in your house. Yet, nowhere along the line was any particular gain in power perceptible to the average person.

Police and indeed all manifestations of authority are unstable in the direction of increasing power. It is a fact of statist society that should come to be recognized just as we understand the unswerving motion of the planets. Authority is a DISEASE, and it never gets better.

herself," that it was rape. "After her fling, she becomes concerned about ...becoming pregnant or of contracting a venereal disease. This weighs heavily on her mind, and when the husband returns home, he senses that something is wrong. He keeps after her until she feels she must tell him something. It is natural for her to justify the situation by sobbingly telling her husband that she was raped. He immediately calls the police." (Pages 457-8).

In this whole area of sex-crime, the police are characterized by profound knowledge of mankind. "When molesters hang around children, they often have their hands in their pockets, so they can play with their own private parts while watching the children. They are quite prone to carrying [sic] obscene pictures in their pockets or wallet, which they use as a means of exciting curiosity or stimulation of their victims. Because they often masturbate, it is common for their handkerchief to be stiff with dried semen. They often have holes in their pockets." (Page 453).

On "homosexuality": "It is not against the law to be a homosexual. A person usually cannot help being a homosexual. They do, however, have control over their overt sexual actions and it is these actions that are illegal." How fortunate that we can "be" anything we like as long as we do nothing about it. Further wisdom, flatfoot style: "The modern professional police officer must look at the homosexual as a human being, a person who can and does contribute to the society in which he lives. Not all homosexuals are effeminate... Homosexuals have been with man throughout recorded history..." (A little unconscious humor here; they certainly have not been with woman.) "So far we have not been able to arrive at any solution or cure for this perversion... The active homosexual will argue that he has as much of a right to practice his own form of sex as we heterosexuals have to practice ours. The argument sounds good if the question of morals is not brought in." (Page 454).

"Covering the beat," the patrol officer should keep a sharp eye out for the dreaded homos. "Parked cars containing only men should be checked."

So that the smart officer will have all facts at his disposal, the text lists varieties of sexual perversion, including such everyday acts as koprolagnia, urolagnia, frottage, and anthropophagy. Ever alert for evidence of heinous offenses, cops on the beat should do everything possible to arrest people who possess obscene materials or pictures "especially those depicting abnormal sex acts, which are indicative that the possessor might be a sexual criminal." "Pictures showing sadistic tendencies... should indicate to the officer that the subject could be a very dangerous person to society. Any excuse should be used to book this person, and a search warrant should be obtained for his room where further evidence may be found." Are you sure that isn't where evidence WILL be found?

Other paraphernalia that can be used in a variety of crimes, not necessarily sexual, should be checked for when "suspects" are stopped on the street. Wires in possession may indicate car-theft activity ("hot-wiring"). Chewing gum wrapped in

tinfoil, screwdrivers, or alligator clips, may also indicate a potential car thief.

In other words, the officer should hold the Law so high that the tiniest fact might point to an infraction, and in that case the perpetrator needs to receive the full weight of punishment and "justice". However, let's not go too far with this. We wouldn't want to respect rights of "bums" or "transients" even when as very seldom happens those rights are upheld by the courts: "We see a person who is obviously a bum or hobo in a very high class district or residential area. When there was a vagrancy law in effect, it was simply a matter of telling the subject that if he didn't leave the area, he would be booked for vagrancy. But with this law declared unconstitutional, the officer must use other means."

Note how easily and naturally those words flow—no moral crisis here, no fierce determination to uphold law as proclaimed by societal mechanism, as previously. No, when other law is perceived as deficient, police law takes over. "As a safety measure, the officer should transport him away from the area." (Page 293).

Ultimately, the attitude of law-enforcement is best expressed by the avidity and regret heard in these words from a chapter near the beginning of the textbook: "An officer can't stop everyone on

Don't

By Robert W. Zeuner,

"Good morning! My name is investigator Holmes. Do you mind answering a few simple questions?" If you open your door one day and are greeted with those words, *stop and think!* Whether it is the local police or the FBI at your door, you have certain legal rights of which you ought to be aware before you proceed any further.

In the first place, when the law enforcement authorities come to see you, there are no "simple questions". Unless they are investigating a traffic accident, you can be sure that they want information about somebody. And that somebody may be you!

Rule Number One to remember when confronted by the authorities is that there is no law requiring you to talk with the police, the FBI, or the representative of any other investigative agency. Even the simplest questions may be loaded and the seemingly harmless bits of information which you volunteer may later become vital links in a chain of circumstantial evidence against you or a friend.

Do not invite the investigator into your home!
Such an invitation not only gives him the

GIVE THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY WANT: A FASCIST POLICE STATE

In any public-opinion forum you can hear ordinary people robotically chanting their demand for more police... stiffer penalties...

This paranoid mistrust is producing a totalitarian state. It is very difficult to drive a car, cash a check, or buy a can of beer unless you have your "papers".

Whether it's the witch-hunt for drunk drivers, or the fear-mongering search for drug dealers, the police will use any excuse to set up roadblocks and try to intimidate people. You can't get into a courthouse or onto an airplane without being magnetically scanned, you can't use an automatic teller machine or even go into a bank without being photographed, and you can't make a long distance phone call that is sure of being free of FBI/CIA/NSA eavesdropping.

Totalitarianism is increasing in the workplace—you must speak, act, gesture, smile, think, work, dress, groom, and live in a prescribed manner. That's not too much to ask in return for four or five dollars an hour, is it?
—Rick Harrison, (*The Orlando Indicator*, no return address, subscription by invitation only)

the street to determine whether they might be up to something. Yet...there are many who bear checking or watching."

Being watched and checked is the lot of everyone who lives in an authoritarian society. Police have immense authority and power, and are ever eager to get more. While they may prevent some exceedingly few crimes, and arrest someone as guilty in a rather larger number, it is in their interest, ultimately, to see to it that crime does persist, and if no one committed any offenses, police would lobby to have other acts outlawed so as to have somebody to apprehend. It is in their interest to preserve laws against "homosexual"

behavior, and it serves their insecure egos to imagine that society is a jungle patrolled and protected by themselves alone. Their abuse of ordinary people whom they harass at all hours and places constitutes a crime in itself, and even if the underlying social causes of theft, rape, and murder were left intact so that these crimes still occurred, abolishing the police would at least eliminate the institutional category of bullying that they represent. The fact is that they have not stopped crime and can never do so, and their existence is itself a crime and outrage to all who love freedom.

Talk to Cops!

Member of the New York State Bar

opportunity to look around for clues to your lifestyle, friends, reading material, etc., but also tends to prolong the conversation. And the longer the conversation, the more chance there is for a skilled investigator to find out what he wants to know.

Many times a police officer will ask you to accompany him to the police station to answer a few questions.

In that case, simply thank him for the invitation and indicate that you are not disposed to accept it at that time. Often the authorities simply want to photograph a person for identification purposes, a procedure which is easily accomplished by placing him in a private room with a two-way mirror at the station, asking him a few innocent questions, and then releasing him.

If the investigator becomes angry at your failure to cooperate and threatens you with arrest, stand firm. He cannot legally place you under arrest or enter your home without a warrant signed by a judge.

If he indicates that he has such a warrant, ask

to see it. A person under arrest or located on premises to be searched, generally must be shown a warrant if he requests it and must be given a chance to read it.

Without a warrant, an officer depends solely upon your helpfulness to obtain the information he wants. So, unless you are quite sure of yourself, don't be helpful.

Probably the wisest approach to take to a persistent investigator is simply to say: "I'm quite busy now. If you have any questions that you feel I can answer, I'd be happy to listen to them in my lawyer's office. Goodbye!"

Talk is cheap, but when that talk involves the law enforcement authorities, it may cost you, or someone close to you, dearly.

(Editor's note: This information has been printed many times over the years in a variety of publications. If you would like a large-size copy suitable for posting, please send a stamped, addressed envelope to me at Post Office Box 3488, Tucson, Arizona 85722, and I'll send you as many copies as possible for the postage.)

THE grossly authoritarian concept that human beings exist to serve the state is invariably the logical conclusion to which the philosophy of governmentalism is pushed, even in liberal democracies where the whole business starts out as the "noble" ideal of the state existing to serve individuals. Whether or not the United States ever possessed an intendedly freedom-serving government, it certainly does not now, and evidence for such a view is seen in the severe protectionism that infects governmental society in current years. Anything a person might do is regarded as fair territory for regulation—"the public interest" serving as constant excuse.

Do you drive a car? You "have to be regulated" for the protection of "the public", and you must be compelled to buy expensive insurance so that any harm you may accidentally inflict on anybody can be compensated at enormously inflated statist prices. Do you inhale the smoke of some harmless weed? You need to be outlawed and persecuted because, after all, in some mind-altered state you might inadvertently provoke a catastrophe and *endanger the public!* It never stops, and we expect in a few years to be writing about mandatory pedestrian insurance (you might stumble on the sidewalk and harm someone), or dietary statutes that dictate your intake of approved vitamins and minerals (your state of health is the business of society at large!), because YOU are coming to be regarded as nothing but PROPERTY OF THE STATE.

ALERT! DANGEROUS MOLESTERS IN SCHOOLS AND PUBLIC PLACES

BEWARE OF WEIRD CULT WHICH

- ...uses promises of money, jobs, and other favors to recruit people
- ...indoctrinates beginners in an armed camp until they're thoroughly brainwashed
- ...employs terror, assassination, murder, and threats thereof
- ...is particularly interested in the young and those who follow orders without question
- ...holds against their will members who wish to leave
- ...goes by many aliases: The Service, military, Armed Forces, ROTC, JROTC, recruiters, Defense, Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, National Guard, Green Berets, Strategic Air Command (SAC), RDSF (Rapid Deployment Strike Force), Delta Force, Red Army of USSR, Israeli Defense Force, Royal Jordanian Army, Canadian Armed Forces, Forces of Republic of Korea, etc., etc., etc.

Keep a sharp lookout for "recruiters" or "draft boards" who might attempt to entice or force you into one of these sinister branches of the cult. They've been seen in YOUR neighborhood.



The Draft



Recent Developments

Here are recent developments in the move toward conscription and the determined battle against it:

Washington—Some kind of national service, military or otherwise, should be required of all Americans as the price for freedom, says former Virginia Governor Charles Robb. Robb, who took over early in 1986 as chairman of the Democratic Leadership Council, stated, "We seem to ask so little of our citizens." That's right, we only ask them to give up 80% of their work-effort to support the ponderous state apparatus, while we enforce an ever-burgeoning array of arbitrary laws and decrees upon them so that they can scarcely get a job, deposit money in the bank, travel anywhere without producing "I.D.", or even have sexual relations in any but strictly-approved

manners. From the recent Supreme Court "sodomy ruling" to the invasions and snooping and seizures of the Internal Revenue "Service" and harassment stops on the street by local police, the plight of freedom in the United States is extremely serious. Nonetheless, political hacks are urging for such horrors as military impressment as a further "price of freedom".

Meanwhile, posters on subways and "public service" announcements on radio and television prodigiously urge, "Selective Service registration: It's quick; it's easy; it's the LAW." Refusal to obey this law has already cost resisters such as Paul Jacob terms in prison. Jacob served five months and was released to 4½ years probation and two years of community service, but millions of other youths who chose merely to quietly fail to register have remained unmolested, and whether it serves the cause of freedom to wind up actually in forms of impressment and conscription (prison, community "service") after loudly proclaiming refusal to register, is so far as we're concerned an open question.

Several publications and organizations exist to battle conscriptive servitude. The National Resistance Committee, Box 42488, San Francisco, Ca. 94142, publishes *Resistance News*, a tabloid compendium of news and articles of interest to intended victims of this form of imposed slavery. Practical advice such as how to find out who's on a draft board judging other people, is listed along with case histories of action by various resisters.

Unfortunately, most of the organizations attacking the draft do so from sheerly liberal political ideology, which often reaches dangerous levels of stupidity, and one issue of a resistance paper contains such bunk as the following: "Martin Luther King Jr. wrote, 'One who breaks an unjust law must do so openly, lovingly, and with a willingness to accept the penalty. I submit that an individual who breaks a law that conscience tells him is unjust, and who willingly accepts the penalty of imprisonment in order to arouse the conscience of the community over its

KNOW YOUR DRAFT BOARD

With over 2,500 local draft boards now set up across the country, there's probably one near you. The boards provide an opportunity to generate good press for the draft resistance movement, and to stir up interest. The boards were set up rather quietly, so it's a good bet that your local media and most local peace activists don't even know such boards exist.

How to find out who's on a board: Selective Service doesn't like to give out the names of draft board members. You will probably need to direct a Freedom of Information Act request to the SS National Headquarters. Selective Service probably won't give you their addresses or telephone numbers. To make the FOIA request, simply type a letter (preferably on an organization's letterhead) and state what you want, being sure to mention the Freedom of Information Act (5 U.S.C. 522). The address is: Selective Service System, National Headquarters, Washington, DC 20435. It is clearly illegal for them to refuse to give out the board members' names, although they may simply ignore the law. The SS will probably charge you for photocopying costs.

Once you have the members' names, their telephone numbers and addresses can be obtained for subsequent publication simply by looking in the phone book or city directory (available in your local public library). Voter registration lists are also public record; simply go to the county government building and ask about the names you have.

Now what? You may want to make personal contact with some or all of the members. Reasons might include a desire to convince them of the wrongness of their ways. Draft counselors might want to meet the board and find out which members seem especially hostile or supportive toward anyone who might apply for deferment. Interviews with board members might also turn up political or racial prejudices that will need to be confronted if the draft returns. Documenting these prejudices might help registrants win appeals, and could provide ammunition for future local protests.

—Resistance News

injustice, is in reality expressing the highest respect for law."

Such a stance, of course, makes a mockery of individual rights, and assumes that even in resistance to injustice one owes allegiance to the perpetrator of the injustice—typical muddled thinking of Martin Luther King, Jr. Fortunately, low points such as that are relatively rare, but they do illustrate the pitfalls of relying on liberal organizations for consistency. The truth is, nobody ought to respect usurped authority in the least, and certainly not by willingly exposing oneself to prosecution. Far better to avoid, lie, trick or swindle the state so as to remain exempt from its pushiness.

A little less obnoxiously liberal is the organization known as CARD (Committee Against Registration and the Draft). CARD encourages people affected by conscription law to think about various options, only one of which is proclaiming resistance to authorities directly and thereby almost certainly drawing their fire. For those who have already bowed to pressure and have registered, only to have second thoughts later, CARD provides "Un-registration cards" that order Selective Service to take the signers' names off its computer rolls—which, of course, it is not likely to do. Still the act of demonstrating disrespect for "law" can probably have some positive effect. CARD points out that while Republicans are widely suspected of fascism, prominent Democrats such as Gary Hart, Bruce Babbitt and others have called for a draft in order to win pro-defense establishment votes.

"Widespread anti-draft sentiment coupled with a high level of non-compliance have forestalled a serious discussion of a return to the draft for seven years. Now, with non-registration rates dropping and key Democrats pushing for renewed conscription, the anti-draft movement is about to face its toughest challenge." That statement is from Gillam Kerley, the only American in prison today for resisting draft registration. He received a three-year sentence to Leavenworth in what has been called one judge's vendetta and attempt to create a political example. As a result of the selective prosecution, Gillam's supporters have applied to Amnesty International and the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, urging recognition of his status as a prisoner of conscience.

How did Kerley come to be prosecuted? He was the executive director of CARD.

What this again shows is the impotence of the state to take action unless one provides them with sufficient information to do so. Effective means, therefore, for casting sand into the gears of conscription, consist more of mis-registration (registration or refused registration under bogus names that tie up time and funds in fruitless investigations) than of actual martyr-like resistance

of the sort favored by liberalism.

How far the prevailing liberal disorder is likely to go in shoving compulsory service down the throats of millions of people, is illustrated by remarks some time ago by Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, one of Robert F. Kennedy's daughters (her automatic access to the media comes as a result of the hereditary political aristocracy in this country; Joe Schmoe couldn't get onto the United Press wire if he chose to proclaim his remarks): "The feminist movement needs uniforms—Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine uniforms," said Ms. Kennedy Townsend. And one way to get them is "to reinstate the draft for men and women alike."

However, the individual—the true, thinking individual who upholds the highest traditions of self-respect and intelligence—will reject any notions of owed subservience. The only thing free people owe to anybody is the debt they owe to themselves to remain free by the use of their wits and strength.

—Match editor.

THE MATCH HISTORIC REPRINT SERIES

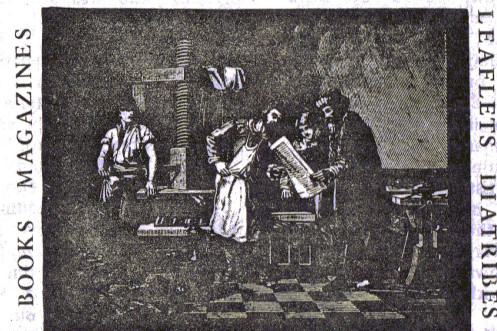
The second issuance in our Historic Reprint Series is now available and was mailed last summer to all subscribers of The Match. The publication is a special anthology of the Anarchist periodical, THE RETORT, which was originally published in the years 1942-51 by Holley R. Cantine, Jr. Our edition is 64 pages, completely retypeset and beautifully printed, and is available for \$2.00. Includes brochure introduction and special reprint of the fantasy story, "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble", by Cantine—an engrossing bit of Anarchist fiction that will someday be regarded as a classic.

If you haven't seen this anthology yet, order yours now. Our first issuance in the reprint series, the November, 1907 issue of Emma Goldman's "Mother Earth Magazine" with supplemental brochure, is also still available for \$2 from THE MATCH, P. O. Box 3488, Tucson, Arizona 85722.

Reviewer: Don Holbrook

BELIEVE it or not, there are 234 periodicals published for every man, woman, and child in the United States. It matters not that only one-twentieth of all the men, women, and children in the country know how to read sufficiently well to be able to understand a magazine or newspaper article, nor that of that select group only another .005% actually does read anything as a matter of choice, rather than getting its entertainment and information from audiovisual sources that have the depth of a mud puddle. What matters is that when you shovel out most of the avalanche of useless crap such as publications devoted to "jesus"—or to movie stars, how to make a fast buck on the stock market, astrology, "exercise", extra-sensory perception, "holistic" medicine and other cretin topics, the number shrinks to about .0000000000024 periodicals per person, whereupon we can only hope that some fraction of those will somehow get into the hands of that tiny number of people who can read, understand, and think.

Bad as this situation is, a still further fact that you're probably not aware of is that by federal law all periodicals devoted to a dissident point of view are required to be as ugly and unreadable as it is possible to make them, and real experts, believe me, are operating in this field. You've probably wondered why it is that magazines and newspapers expressing any opinion to the left of Adolph Eichmann are almost invariably typewritten, poorly photocopied, laid out in a confusing manner, etc., and this littleknown statute is of course the reason. The law specifically provides, I think, for bonuses in certain cases that must include: starting an article on the front page and making it jump to page six where it still does not end so that it has to jump further to pages nine and then twelve; placing headings, paragraphs, pictures and so forth at various angles so the reader gets an impression of hopeless, drooling stupidity; and, almost needless to add, such publications MUST be set in typewriter-type complete with strike-overs and lines crossed out in felt-tip pen. Penalties for violating any of these rules vary, but will include sanctions such as postal



BOOKS MAGAZINES
LEAFLETS DIATRIBES
NEWSPAPERS PAMPHLETS

harrassment and misdelivery, refusal of other periodicals to review your issuances, and denunciations by overnight-created "movement heavies" who ALWAYS turn up to speak at widely separated demonstrations and events.

A very few periodicals, as you might expect, do not follow the rules. But who cares about them? Into this category we must place virtually everything produced by publishers such as Freedom Press and the Charles H. Kerr Co., both of whom

have shamelessly flouted the canons of mass taste and legality by printing books and pamphlets that are attractive and readable, informative, and of good sense. Surely evil and animosity shall follow them all the days of their lives.

From Freedom Press (84 B Whitechapel High Street, London E 1 England) comes an 88-page, 8 1/2 x 11-

dimension book entitled *Freedom—A Hundred Years*, essays on a century of revolutionary propaganda and on Anarchism today. The book celebrates ten decades of publishing work devoted to the ideal of a governmentless and free society. Chapters include Barbara Smoker's vital essay, "Anarchism Implies Atheism", the title of which should in fact be engraved in bronze and set up as a headstone for hideous and decaying "new age" corpses such as *Fifth Estate* and the *SRAF Bulletin*. Other writers describe the operation of this Anarchist publisher in various eras, Vernon Richards reminiscing on Premises We Have Had and Printers We Have Known. Opinion pieces such as Joe Kelly's contrasting the ballyhoo of the shuttle disaster with the quiet desperation of ordinary people who die sans publicity, turn the historical work into the very item it describes: anti-authority propaganda. Unfortunately such opinion gives way to tendentious vapors and empty rhetoric such as the essay on pages 70-71, "Class War", signed by "A comrade of the Class War Federation"—precisely the sort of bunk this movement, if it is one, could hardly do without. Equally regrettable, for different reasons, is the inclusion of an essay by one Bob Black. He has nothing whatsoever to do with Freedom Press, but he attempts to write a witty column (and almost brings it off, only reverting to his late mode of gibbering in the last two paragraphs, the latter of which is utterly nonsensical). Probably *Freedom's* editors were unaware of Black's reputation among

Anarchists in the United States, but if they deal with him very much they will almost certainly discover for themselves what it is, and if so we expect he'll be submitting to organs even farther away from home next, perhaps in Mongolia or Tahiti. Still we suggest you order this centenary volume from *Freedom*. Cost is, as far as we can discover, about \$5.

From the Kerr Company lately comes a variety of high-quality books, outstanding among which is the *Haymarket Scrapbook*, edited by Dave Roediger and Franklin Rosemont. In its 255 pages this volume presents the most complete, interesting, attractive compilation of facts, speculation, poetry and pictures on the subject of the Haymarket events of 1886-87 that culminated in the judicial murder by hanging of several Anarchists and Socialists. Haymarket was the tragic injustice that inspired Emma Goldman to a career of anti-Statist action. Haymarket exerted such influence that even in the 1960's the police statue in Chicago's Haymarket Square was repeatedly blown off its pedestal by protesters with dynamite.

The editors of the *Haymarket Scrapbook* have given this issuance incredible attention—the book is packed with history and analysis, to such a point that no matter how long one has interested himself in Anarchist affairs, a reading will throw new light on these old events. Editor Dave Roediger has written for numerous journals and reviews of a historical kind, and Franklin Rosemont is familiar to most Anarchists for his articles on Surrealism and on lesser-known historical personages.

Section One describes the movement and the men who subsequently became the victims of legality run amok; Section Two, the legal and public defense, the executions, the later campaign for amnesty for the remaining imprisoned Anarchists; Section Three, The Heritage—how Haymarket influenced virtually the whole Western Hemisphere. As journalist Art Young comments in his reprinted 1928 essay in these pages, "The speaking and writing of these men called Anarchists... in behalf of the unity of labor and the eight-hour day was ended. But now the eight-hour day is taken for granted. Organization of labor goes on, and every year meetings are held in many parts of the world in commemoration of these martyrs who fell victims to that worst mob of all—respectable legalized vengeance."

The most compelling effect of the *Scrapbook* is its immediacy. Instead of reading history, one becomes immersed in events that might have just taken place, and which can readily be understood as capable of taking place again at any time. The unfairness of "justice" and the press, the blood-thirsty mentality that still infects "democratic"

societies, the ravings and rantings of religionists who are unfailingly granted a public forum for their anti-progressive and insane mouthings—all sound exactly like the present. Yet, the simple human dimension of the individual confronting a monster array of irresistible forces, comes through too—five men were deprived of their lives by the crazy panic of law-and-order following a police riot. Not only could it happen again, the very same contending forces would react the same, and anybody who was self-respecting and of progressive sentiments would be crushed and silenced exactly as before. Only knowledge can short-circuit this endless repetition of sadness and tragedy. Haymarket is incontrovertibly a demonstration of the hysteria of state power, and therefore it is primarily an event not solely of radical history, but of specifically Anarchist history and relevance. If you're interested enough in ideas and events to be reading *The Match!*, you should have a copy of *The Haymarket Scrapbook* in your home. (\$14.95 from Charles H. Kerr Co., P. O. Box 914, Chicago, Illinois 60690.) But be forewarned: if you're the type of person who

delights in the debasement and degradation of the printed word, the Kerr productions will definitely annoy you because they're in fact beautiful, thoughtfully produced, excellent—the exact antithesis of the disheartening trend we see in most publications by and about Anarchists. So if you're "into" the SRAF Bulletin or the incredible exercise in awfulness called Bayou LaRose, just stay away; you're hopeless anyhow.



OW, I started this column with a few cautionary references to the Federal Ugliness in Radical Periodicals Act, and slowly but surely I'm working my way down to the section of the pile where this statute is obeyed with incredible severity. There are, however, a couple of outfits left that take their fate into their own hands and dare to be different. They apparently have the strange attitude that radical readers ought to receive attractive periodicals for their money. Moreover, they obviously think that some attention to typographical design makes it more likely that they will be able to convince ordinary people in mainstream society that radical ideas are worth listening to. I think we need a scale of values here, so let's invent one, the SRAF/Freedom Coherence and Beauty Evaluation. On the high end, with a rating of 100, are the usual publications of Freedom Press in England, which for a hundred years has maintained a fairly consistent standard that respects the intelligence and esthetic sense of the readers. On the other end of the scale, with a rating of absolutely zero, are

the moron productions of the bulletin of the so-called Social Revolutionary Anarchist Federation (all 42 members put together haven't got as much esthetic sense as my dog.). This bulletin for years has presented the ugliest possible, most ludicrous and valueless issuances that perhaps have ever sprung from what is nominally Anarchist sentiments. The more like Freedom Press, the more thoughtful and inspiring the material, the more a pleasure to read. The closer you approach to the abysmal sewer of SRAF, the less edifying, the less pleasing, stimulating, philosophical—the less everything, until you reach that bulletin itself, which is utterly devoid of any intellectual or artistic worth.

So let us now consider the newest entry on the bill of Anarchist fare, *Acrata*—a journal of arts and opinion. *Acrata*, with an accent mark over the first letter, means Anarchist in Spanish, but has somewhat the same relation to the ordinary word for Anarchist that Anticrat might have in English, if such a word existed (I just made it up). *Acrata* doesn't exactly call itself an Anarchist magazine, but the closest thing to an editorial in the first issue is an article by the editor, Chaz Bufe, entitled "Anarchism This Century", being a sort of afterthought to his effective pamphlet on prevailing nuttiness called *Listen, Anarchist!* There's also a translation of an old essay by Ricardo Flores Magon on order and disorder, as well as a piece attacking the Immigration & Naturalization Service from a fairly Anarchistic standpoint, and pages 24-26 even contain an interview with *Match!* editor Fred Woodworth. So, certainly this is an Anarchist periodical in intent, but that isn't clear from the cover or even the first few pages. The subtitle, "a journal of arts and opinion" sounds awfully like the already-existing *Black Star's* (see below) "Quarterly Journal of Arts and Anarchist Opinion." Frankly, we wonder how much the world of "arts" really can withstand having Anarchism impressed onto it. This is not an attack or even necessarily a disagreement; we just are getting a little nervous about the possibility of Anarchism turning into a subject proper for the Cafe Ole coffeehouse, or for Channel 6. Even so, I guess that *Acrata* merits a content-rating of around 80, since editor Bufe's anti-mystic, anti-authoritarian, and anti-stupid-rhetoric position draws the magazine upward (a few other tendencies tend to draw it downward, and I'll get to those in a second.) Rated for appearance, however, my newly invented scale quickly shows its own inadequacies, since the magazine belongs to a category of overdone layout that I must admit I have never before encountered.

In terms of slick typography, *Acrata* has outdone everyone, and maybe it has even outdone itself. Frankly, I don't care for the layout—it looks too much like a perfume ad, and there is

empty space galore, pages and pages of artsy and uninformative stuff (for instance a quarter-page photo of a church, another quarter-page that looks like a view of the same church foyer from the inside, and the other two quarters of the page "blank", or rather filled in with a pebble pattern of screen). That's in one of the eight pages devoted entirely to photographs from artists. And while—sure—I'm in favor of integrating Anarchism with artistic sensibility, I question what some of this material is doing in the magazine. On the other hand, it's a first issue, and whenever has anybody's first issue possessed particular cogency? (One photo, in my opinion, is almost a suicidal act for a radical magazine: on page 18 a shot of a nude woman in handcuffs is coupled with a statement by one Charles Williams, photographer, "age 23", who states, "I use photography to generate a concrete response in the viewer. My images tend to be large, tense, and saturated in real or implied pathos and/or violence. These are extremes, but I believe that extremes are necessary in this medium to jar an otherwise complacent audience. If the work provokes, then I've generated a real emotion regarding the issues portrayed.")

What this implies is that there is some innate

PAMPHLETS Available from *The Match!*

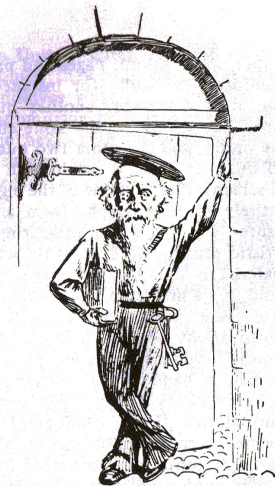
The God Pestilence . . . by Johann Most
A classic Anarchist essay, by one of the greatest anti-statists in history. 20 pages, 50 cents.

There Is No God . . . by Fred Woodworth
Simple common sense applied to a realm too often ignored by it. 8 pages, 25 cents.

Rent: An Injustice . . . by I. R. Ybarra
Non-ownership of property by those who pay perpetually for it, is exposed as a legal crime. The practice is destructive to pride, privacy, and the dignity on which a free society must rest. 18 pages, 50 cents.

Listen, Anarchist! . . . by Chaz Bufe
The definitive criticism of stupidity and irresponsibility INSIDE the realm of Anarchism. Extremely important commentary, stressing the belief that if Anarchism is ever to be a real force in society, it must be based on ethical behavior. 24 pages, \$1.00.

ORDER FROM THE MATCH, POST OFFICE
BOX 3488, TUCSON, ARIZONA 85722.



meaning in emotion, and that experiencing it is somehow productive. Meanwhile, photographer Williams' glib and easy-to-produce image gets the magazine into hot water before it even has an issue fairly out yet, or any editorial point of view established.

I hope the publishers of *Acrata* learn soon the difference between Art and artsy-fartsy; the former has everything to do with human freedom and therefore Anarchism, while the latter has only to do with intellectual poses and leather patches lovingly sewn on to sport-coat elbows. And solidly in the camp of the latter effete tendency is the page-layout of *Acrata*. Starting out the magazine in pages 2, 3, 4, and 5 are nicely typeset news clippings that exhibit very neatly what I'm objecting to. Despite the typesetting, someone (probably Art Director Chad Williams) saw fit to overprint the copy with collages of newspaper page-sections in a grayish-purple ink. As a result one has to decipher, rather than read, the news columns. When, oh when, will alternative publishers learn not to overprint? Such "cleverness" makes it highly unlikely that readers will bother to search out any meaning on the affected pages.

The art-direction attitude that underlies this tendency is also evident elsewhere in the magazine: copy—the words, the meaning, the REASON why the magazine is being printed in the first place—is quite obviously regarded as of slight importance by a layout man who is infatuated with showing off. Headlines in particular are treated with a peculiar disdain that seriously affects the ability of the reader to comfortably peruse the text itself; for instance when an otherwise good article entitled "Abolish the INS" has the words "Abolish the" printed in orange OVER the columns of the article. Another example: "Bible Quotes on Sex", printed as a light area in a black strip, with the words "On Sex" at a slant

over the words "Bible Quotes"—in other words a reverse on top of a reverse, both in green, on black. Yow! At several other junctures the same color-mad tendency prevails, as words are printed over and in between lines of text. None of this color is effective in the least.

One cannot help feeling, while looking at *Acrata's* pages, that the layout has been the work of someone who does not appreciate the value of money and resources. Anytime a magazine uses a gigantic two-page centerspread to introduce a short story that is only ONE page long—and the graphics don't add in any way to our understanding or appreciation of the story—it is just a case of wasting funds. But don't get me wrong, I'm not against use of color or sophisticated production. I'm merely expressing my belief (in a productive way, I hope) that Anarchist publications should do what they have to do to persist, and squandering precious resources on lavish but ineffectual open layouts and weird, cluttering uses of color, is a sure road to oblivion. So is the devoting of page after page to the marginally worthless works of freelance photographers who (let's face it) aren't at all interested in Anarchism, as is undeniably the case with the materials reproduced on pages 15, 16, 17, 18, 33, 34, 35, and 36, (not to mention the inside front and back covers which are left completely blank).

Acrata may evolve into a damn good magazine, but to do it there'll need to be a point of view on life, art, propaganda and Anarchism that is missing now. I'll say this: it's the best-PRINTED Anarchist magazine I've seen in a long time. Now if they can only print stuff that's a little less like *Vogue Magazine* or the local college yearbook, and zero in on the Anarchist tendency that Bufo represents in his sections of the effort... To get your copy, send \$10 for four issues to P. O. Box 6118, San Francisco, California 94101, and be sure to tell 'em that that terrible reviewer at *The Match!* sent you.



OUR other pamphlets have recently been issued by Acrata Press. *Astrolology—Fraud or Superstition* is an expanded reprint of the essay by Chaz Bufo that appeared in issue 81 of *The Match!* Sad but true, modern populations have largely reverted to superstition, and probably in a few years it will be necessary for Anarchists to deny that there are unicorns. At present the fools are in full force, concomitant with the power of the suppressive state, giving bitter truth to the reflection of Johann Most who said: "The more man clings to religion, the more he believes. The more he believes, the less he knows. The less he knows, the more stupid he is, and the more stupid, the easier he may be governed. The easier to govern, the better he may be exploited. The more exploited, the poorer he gets, and the poorer he gets, the

richer and mightier the domineering classes get, the more riches and power they amass, the heavier their yoke upon the neck of the people."

In *The Heretic's Guide to the Bible*, also from Acrata Press, crazy and self-contradictory verbiage is allowed to ooze out of that stinking cetic tank of written crap that an appalling number of the earth's people apparently hold in devotion. Quotes on women (Be in subjection!), quotes on sex (Die, unclean lust!), quotes on slavery (Submit! Obey!—It hardly matters what!), quotes on the end of the world (It's at hand!), and contradictions, absurdities and atrocities round out this badly-needed pamphlet. It's a temptation to quote these quotes, but I'll just reproduce the two lines of "jeez-us" that are juxtaposed in the pamphlet: "If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true," followed by "I am one that bear witness of myself." (Before overdosing on nails the raving loon seems to have been afflicted by Reagan's syndrome.)

In *The Meaning of Atheism*, Acrata reproduces an old essay by Emanuel Haldeman-Julius, publisher of the famous Little Blue Book series of pamphlets. Before he was hounded to death by the IRS in 1951, E.H.J. issued an astounding quantity of works by famous scientists and philosophers, in the belief that knowledge would dispel the weird ghosts and phantasms of religion and its spawned superstitions. Had he had a longer life and more circulation, who knows but that Haldeman-Julius might have succeeded, at least amongst the American-speaking world (though an effort of a like kind to the nth power would probably be necessary to stamp out the idiocies that are Roman Catholicism's heir in the Spanish-speaking countries). Very regrettably, however, the present pamphlet on Atheism contains a note from the publisher to the effect that original H-J publications are available still from Michael E. Coughlin, whose address is thereupon listed. This fellow is a so-called "Libertarian" and has behaved in the snotty, arrogant way so typical of that breed, so we want to object here to anyone's regarding him as a usable source of anti-authoritarian materials. Not a dime to right-wingism!

In the fourth Acrata pamphlet issuance, *The Irrational In Politics*, by Maurice Brinton, the relationship of sex and rebellion to authority are discussed in a challenging way. Brinton asserts that managing one's own sex life is of equal importance to managing one's own work and economic life—and that doing either and especially both is a sure method for causing usurped authority to crumble. While the essay does lean to some degree on the writings of Wilhelm Reich, they are the products of the man's brain before whatever senescence set in later that caused him to ludicrously champion certain odd superstitions and pseudo-scientific "phenomena". Where Reich had opinions to impart on the nature of sex, the sexual act and individual human experience, he

was nearly always right on the mark. No thinking person's library of radical literature ought to be lacking this and the other three pamphlet productions of Acrata's, just mentioned. A five-dollar bill to the above-listed address will secure all of them for your reading and edification.



HE last of the readable, specifically Anarchist periodicals we have for review is *Black Star*, edited by Jeff Gallagher and produced from Tucson (P. O. Box 3506, 85722). Now at Vol. 5, No. 2, this tabloid has been going for a while. It has wandered through a couple of blind alleys of format (once being known by the title of *Revista X*, and the editor had toyed with the idea of giving EVERY issue a different name—I liked his planned *Anarchy Illustrated* the best, but he reverted to *Black Star*). Once again it is worth mentioning that this magazine has nothing whatsoever to do with the execrable, hideously produced, inaccurate, dishonest publication for morons that was once known by the same title; that one was published, of course, by SRAF, and lived up to that organization's "standards" in every imaginable way.

Black Star goes in for a fierce variety of journalism, blasting in particular his ass-holiness the "pope", along with an assortment of kook nuns with hatchets, cannibal kings, sex-snoop sheriffs and weaseling, mealy-mouthed liberals. In addition to the shit-kicking there are insightful articles such as Pat Murtagh on Oscar Wilde, a well-researched article on Makhno and Anarchist actions of long ago, a critical essay on prisoner support by Anarchist prisoner Avi Naftel, and Fred Woodworth on the unreliable nature of the "straight" press, which he illustrates with a number of examples from personal experience.

However, *Black Star* gives us a clear look, in one way, at the fundamental failing of the Anarchist movement—here is an excellent newspaper, well-written and clearly printed, typeset, etc., and it even comes out on schedule. But does the "movement" support it? No way! The movement is too scattered with ego-tripping Bookchinists and Libertarians desperately working to pervert antistatism into a confused mass of electoral politics and reformism. After all its hard-won issues, *Black Star* may have to fold up if a few hundred subscriptions don't come through. Think of it—trying to change the world, one languishes in dire need of a few hundred more readers!

Along with, of course, *The Match!* itself, we regard *Black Star* as one of the most indispensable periodicals of Anarchist thought and opinion, and at only \$5 for a year's issues, it is by far the easiest affordable newspaper of its kind. It is about the same size and format as the old tabloid *Match!* used to be before the printers forced us to take time out and get our own press, and it's just as

hard-hitting as we ever were as a newspaper.

At this point I run out of really well-produced Anarchist books, pamphlets, and periodicals, and turn to items that suffer terribly because not enough care is taken in putting them together. Probably the clearest example of the sort is *Smurfs In Hell*, which we have mentioned before as the first two issues came to our attention. We've recommended this small satire magazine, and continue to do so. It's hard-hitting and provokes a lot of laughter and enjoyment—so just think how great it could be if it didn't follow the Federal Ugliness in Radical Publications Act! But it is scrupulous about adhering to the letter of the law: typesetting is by crummy, irregular, nylon-ribbon typewriter; reproduction is by photocopier. "But—but, I can't afford typesetting and printing!" This is the sad misconception of those who: (1) wind up reproducing by some method 32 pages of material which, when typeset, would have cut the length to only 20 pages; (2) run 65 copies on a Xerox machine for seven cents apiece, double-sided, and end up with a tiny number of magazines when for a much lower cost per copy they could have had printed hundreds of copies; (3) pay all the wasted first-class postage on their product rather than get a bulk-mailing permit that enables them to mail for about 11 cents a copy with a minimum mailing of 200 ("But I don't have 200 readers!"—and never will because they aren't even printing 200 copies.) (4) Hand over all incoming money from donations and subscriptions to commercial collators and insty-print shops because these publishers are afraid of taking the jump of acquiring means of production of their own—even simple typesetting—at the same time that they talk much about a society that's different from now in that people do do things for themselves, on their own.

Smurfs is set up as phoney advertisements for a variety of products ("Seven out of 10 Indians agree: when they're dying for a smoke, they reach

for... Bhopal Mall 2500's."). Also "advertised" are an array of post-nuclear war soaps and shampoos, aping the Madison Avenue style of magnifying trivialities while minimizing or neglecting horrifying truths, as Radiation Burn soap in grim parody treats the hell-world of tomorrow as just one more practical joke or pimple. Great material—I enjoyed reading it, and its points were well-made and sometimes surprisingly profound. *So why not go the extra step and make the goddamn stuff visually attractive?* Typewritten and drawn copy is crap, no matter how well conceived or brilliantly written. We like this publication and hope it continues; we do want you to read it, and think you should hightail it to the letterdrop to mail off your check to editor Robert Carr, 2210 N. 9th Street, Boise Idaho 83702. But we hope he will get annoyed enough after reading these remarks to take some action toward visual improvement. If it's worth blasting the status quo, it's worth doing right.

As an example of a periodical that loses 90% of its effect because of its appearance, we turn to *The Central Ohio Atheist*, published by Frank Zindler for the local chapter of American Atheists, Box 8457, Columbus 43201. Someone sold Zindler a bill of goods on a personal computer with alleged typesetting capability, and how bad the copy looks is difficult to describe. Rather than try, I'll see if we can reproduce a little of it near this column. Notice how the letters all occupy exactly the same amount of space? Notice how spotty the coverage is? Notice how the justified right-hand margin only heightens the pathetic appearance of the generated copy? Investment in a \$50 IBM Executive typewriter with proportional spacing would have allowed every issue of this little newsletter to look like a masterpiece of fine printing... but no, the computer world and the computer mind and the (mainly the) computer salesmen won't let that happen. Ergo, another

Below is a sample of what we mean by bad (i.e., unreadable) typography. It's from "The Central Ohio Atheist", and was composed on a personal computer. At right is the same material properly typeset—notice how much less space it occupies. PC "typesetting", pushed hard by the computer industry, is ruining small dissident periodicals.

It seems clear that any insurance company which reimburses Christian Science practitioners and "nurses" is aiding and abetting the practice of medicine without license and is promoting clear-cut fraud. If Atheists were to read up on brain surgery, procure the necessary equipment, and go into the cut-rate brain-tumor-removal business, they would quickly be apprehended and thrown in the clink -- even if their work was done perfectly.

It seems clear that any insurance company which reimburses Christian Science practitioners and "nurses" is aiding and abetting the practice of medicine without license and is promoting clear-cut fraud. If Atheists were to read up on brain surgery, procure the necessary equipment, and go into the cut-rate brain-tumor-removal business, they would quickly be apprehended and thrown in the clink—even if their work was done perfectly.

publication reduced to looking like dreck—and obeying the aforementioned Federal Ugliness Act. Is the home computer suitable for typesetting copy for publication? You decide, but while you're at it you should remember that none of the companies advertising PC "typesetting" typesets its own ads on the equipment being touted. The whole deal is just a scam, I'm convinced, to palm off on the small publisher an array of overpriced junk that he won't get good results from, can't get rid of, and which he'll be told is "state of the art" so he'll hypnotize himself into thinking the results look good. All the while this junk will serve to keep his ideas locked in the ghetto of unreadability so they won't influence society at large.

To push this point just a little farther, and to make, at the same time, a saddening but necessary observation on the condition of Atheism, note in the reprinted sample at left below that when you pick through the unattractive computer version, you get the sense of it but you don't linger. In the composed version to the right of it, your eye races through the copy at higher speed, but at the same time a highly debatable idea suddenly leaps out at you: these Atheists are in fact in league with the notion of the state—the passage in reality supports mandatory licensing, a practice that anti-authoritarian people abhor (we prefer to fight religion in a way that does not bolster statism). In other words a PROPER reading of the sample suddenly leads to all sorts of questions, whereas the painful decipherment of the original text virtually deadens critical response in the reader.

(And the statism expressed is, I'm sorry to have to add, an intrinsic feature of most present Atheist organizations in the U.S. Atheism without anti-authoritarianism is just as horrifying in its results as Anarchism without anti-mysticism.)

At any rate, remember this, everyone: putting out a periodical or booklet "typeset" on a personal computer is exactly like showing up in public for a debate on the merits of your ideas, and not bathing or shaving for three weeks beforehand. There is more to a publication than what it says.

Here's another one that came in in the mail: *Alternative Fiction & Poetry*. This magazine is 36 pages long, and is comprised of sheets of paper 11 x 17 folded over. Each sheet thus creates room for four pages and the magazine is therefore made up of 9 sheets of paper, printed by offset lithography. Using typewriter-generated copy, punkzine layout (which makes it look like a photocopy) and extremely low copy density, this publisher paid, by my estimation, a little over \$250 for 300 copies. Had he typeset the magazine, it might've occupied one-third of that space and cost correspondingly less—likewise less to mail and it would have had more impact on readers so it would have

generated more support. For the life of me I'll never understand why such publishers willingly eviscerate their own work. In case you want to see how they did it, contact 'em at 7783 Kensington Lane, Hanover Park, Illinois 60103.



ITH the latter mag, of course, we have moved out of the region of Anarchist publishing and into the general stream of alternative media. And now as we snorkel through the dim waters where float the doomed products of literary culture in a society that has turned to television, we'll see that quality mostly improves the farther away we get from Anarchism, for some sorry reason. Once in the mainstream of publishing we'd see slick, bright, colorful, well-designed magazines and newspapers that say nothing whatsoever, lie shamelessly, and foster myths and misconceptions. But before we drift that far we'll arrive at a Sargasso of special interest publications, non-Anarchist radical works, etc.

American Atheist, which ought to be the best of these since it has the best ideas to work with, not to mention the fact that it owns its own production facilities and can typeset in almost any modern style of print and can reproduce its pages in full color on nice-quality paper, has been disappointing us lately. First of all, this magazine, so worthwhile in concept, has been convinced by somebody (probably some religionist in disguise) to typeset everything that will ever come off its press in a style called *Souvenir*. It is the ugliest, most unreadable style of type ever designed, but in the *American Atheist* there is nothing—not one headline, not one picture caption, not one contents-page entry or one single column of remarks—that is not inexorably set in *Souvenir*. The stuff entirely discourages anybody from reading it. The letters in the *Souvenir* alphabet don't sit closely together to make words; they are just there by themselves so that a column of type looks not like a solid entity with a purpose and structure, but like an aggregation of gravel that is ready to slide and fall into an amorphous heap at any instant.

Then there's the art-direction of the magazine: it's terrible! Here's what I mean by terrible—last year Acrata Press had *The Match!* print a line of satirical Christmas cards, and the selected design was of Santa Claus on a cross with the ironic message, "Season's Greetings" nearby in an off-shade of green. Now that had some impact. But later the idea showed up on a cover for *American Atheist*: only now the magazine's title is printed at the top of the sheet in heavy red, the new and "improved" cartoon is below in a pale gray-green, and it consists of an agonizing Santa backed by two anemic elves also undergoing crucifixion, while below, a half-dozen children

extract wrapped gifts from a large bag. What a totally lackluster—sadistic, even—concept! This is the work of an artist who felt absolutely nothing, and worked only to fulfill an assignment. Okay, that's one cover, but there have been others that were worse. To me the whole graphic failing of the magazine is summed up in the so-called Atheist symbol, which I personally happen to detest, an atom (at least as atoms used to be depicted in the 1950's) with a tiny 'A' in the middle of it, for Atheist. But the bottom loop of the atom's electron is cut off so that the symbol appears truncated and untenable. Graphically, this is probably the worst symbol or logotype that any movement in the history of the modern world has ever come up with. But American Atheists are stuck with it and one doubts that they would change it. Its ubiquitousness on all their literature is depressing and imparts, frankly, an amateurish look, which is truly a tragedy of a fate when you consider that only the attack on religious superstition is capable of setting the stage for an increase in human freedom that might lead to, ultimately, Anarchy. If you agree with this evaluation, you might write to American Atheists at Box 2117, Austin, Texas 78768 and perhaps some improvements will result.

More stuff that isn't Anarchist but which we do think is highly important and which we're always excited to receive in the mail: *Samisdat*, a title taken from the Russian phrase "I give of myself", which has come to mean something like "self publishing". From Box 129 Richford Vermont 05476, Samisdatist Merritt Clifton produces all sorts of pamphlets, poetry chapbooks and manuals, paperback books, and material that I can't classify. I'm not enthusiastic about the poetry, not this poetry or any poetry, as far as that goes. As a child I went through a phase of reading some poetry books on an adult level that I got hold of someplace, and as I grew up I kept a kindly feeling for the stuff although I never read it anymore. I even defended it against the slanders and slurs of macho literati I ran into from time to time, and imagined I was fighting a noble battle by denying that poetry was effete, de-energizing, a weakening of the printed genre. But returning to a consideration of poetry in maturity, I find it to be at best a celebration of unfocused sentences, huge space devoted to very little meaning. Oh, sure, it can "suggest" much, but it conveys little. Patterns in a plaster wall, as Leonardo da Vinci noted, suggest much too, and so do clouds. There may be excellent poetry still being written today, though I know not where it lurks; but I must say I tend to regard all poets, until I have specific individual reason to come to think otherwise, as being featherweight thinkers. Thus I am not impressed with Samisdat's poetry "chapbooks" (even the word 'chapbooks' sounds wimpy).

But maybe you like poetry, and maybe there's some intrinsic reason that I can't fathom for why

this verbiage can't be set down as coherent sentences with punctuation so that it sounds like ordinary people talking instead of some elevated and masterly artsy-fartsism. Believe me, you can have it, and Samisdat's got plenty of it. It's not that it's bad, per se, it's just that it is so sparse, like a meal of one green bean. In the chapbook, "Postcards From Home" by David Brion McCoy, I open to a randomly-chosen sample, the following poem, "28 July":

*Again this morning
they were there,
those two doves
perched side-by-side
on the phone line—
complacent,
cooing to one another
as if to mock me
in your absence.*

Right. Okay. We can get the picture; the guy regrets his lost love. But let me ask you this: What if you picked up a book and you started reading and the text ran like this. "Again this morning they were there. Those two doves, perched side-by-side on the phone line. Complacent, cooing to one another, as if to mock me in your absence."



Symbol for Atheists?

Sounds like a good opening, doesn't it? For a novel. For a book. As a writer, how can you get by with a flimsy little bite like that? That two lines' worth on a page, not a page as it is in poetry "chapbooks". Most writers I know would turn out some sentences like those just quoted and they would then be exactly 35 seconds into the four hours before noon, another 8,000 lines to go before their book was finished. But enough about poetry (well, with this final note): for some reason—I must hate poetry so much—I can't even type the word 'poetry' without slowing 'way down. I always type 'peotry', even though I must have batted this word out a million times. Peotry—it sounds like some kind of unnatural act. Anyway, let me get this out of my system, okay? Peotry! Peotry! PEOTRY! Bah!

One of the Samisdat volumes (vol. 48, No. 1, 189th release) contains a story by David Curran, "Spanish By Fear", which is a knockout. It's tense, it's inspiring, it's haunting. It's not a fucking poem. Request the book from Merritt Clifton. Read the story.

Samisdat's major opus, however, is its current updated edition of "The Samisdat Method, a do-it-yourself guide to printing"—56 pages of no-joke solid info for those who are determined not to remain in the backwater of two-copy editions of 48-word leaflets handwritten and circulated to friends who won't read them. "The Samisdat Method" tells you how to find, understand, and print with various old junk machinery

that'll come your way if you look hard. If Fred Woodworth of *The Match!* had had this book in 1977 he would never have had to suspend publication for a while after getting the royal shaft from the printing trade. One thing the book doesn't tell you: printers are the godawfullest bunch of censors, bigots, COWARDS, and in general timid, anti-boat-rocking little creeps you are likely to ever meet up with. Some of Woodworth's experience, particularly relating to the Multilith 85 and the Multigraph letterpress, Gestetner Silk Screen Duplicator, etc., is quoted in this pamphlet, but most of the information comes from Merritt Clifton, who knows a hell of a lot about small-press operations. Now my question is, why doesn't he use his knowledge himself? "The Samisdat Method", for all its vital utility, is...not well printed. But on the plus side, he got it out, and it contains information we've seen nowhere else. If you are thinking about getting into the act

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE RAG, or THE TAR-TATTERED FUTURE OF FREEDOM.

In honor of my recent failure to attend the Future of Freedom Conference, for the eleventh consecutive year, it seems fitting to mark the occasion by considering the question: What is the future of freedom in America?

In a word, bleak.

But once upon a time, they tell me, things were different here. As I've heard the legend, people took care of themselves and their own, without expecting their leaders to supply subsidies and safety standards, without making other men their masters. They say the government was tiny then, the people were honest, the nation had potential to be great and free.

But I wasn't born yesterday or the day before, so I don't believe all those wide-eyed stories. I can only believe what I've seen for myself: a nation of people spending food-stamps, nay, demanding, that laws be enacted to solve their every minor dispute and discomfort, asserting their "right" to disallow the peaceful preferences of others, and never noticing that every government action they endorse washes away the remembrance of what might have been. We're living in the land of restriction, home of the bureaucrat, from sea to shining sea.

This country isn't great, except to comparison to the Russias and Polands of our future.

America is a memory at most. And the people who live here are Americans, an insulting word if there ever was one. Ask an American about America, and you'll hear a rote recitation about "the greatest nation on god's

yourself with some railing rhetoric against systematic stupidity, you're sure going to need what's written in this little book, and even if you have to squint a little here or there, it is worth the five bucks. We literally can't go far enough in recommending this volume.



OY, we are in the ghetto now. *The Sweet Ride*, number 6 for summer, 1987, is professional-quality writing and commentary buried down in a heap of partially readable typewriter that one can be sure almost no other human eye has seen. B. Traven once recommended (in "The Night Visitor") that everybody should sometime write a long book and then tear it up or burn it before anybody else ever got to read it. The present pamphlet is the next best thing: this guy Eugene Sprucewood doesn't just hide his light under a basket, he's got junk

earth". Then ask what it all means. It usually takes about three seconds for the eyes to glaze over.

Ask an American about the issues—"That'll teach the Libyans to kill innocent people." "It's God's punishment, and it's just what those queers deserve." "I'm all for prayer in public schools." "I don't like nuclear power; let's just stick with electricity."

Look around you; these are the voices of America. Half these people haven't a hint what makes an airplane fly, or a shuttle explode. They can't tell the time off a clock with hands. They can't name the main vegetable in a french fry. They don't read books; TV GUIDE is their best-selling periodical.

About ten percent aren't sure what month it is.

Americans understand mathematics, so long as the batteries work. And science, if it comes cable-ready. Americans are craftsmen, they know their work, and meticulously search out others to do it for them. Without doubt, American industry builds the finest cars in Detroit.

Americans are moral, so long as it's convenient; honest, so long as it doesn't get in the way of a fast buck. Americans are proud, without hesitation and without reason.

Yes, these are the Americans, at the mall, at the tavern, at the office. These are the "heirs of liberty" the "vanguard of virtue for coming generations". These are the Americans, and the future of freedom rests upon their shoulders.

I've seen enough.

Meet me in the mountains.

—By Brick Pillow

piled so high you can hardly find his light with a goddamn infrared detector. His readership of 13 people, however, gets to hear some comments that are certainly far enough off the beaten track to be interesting, such as his movie and TV commentaries: "I see two commercials IN A ROW about things NOT working... Ricoh Copiers saying their work while others break down. AT&T saying pretty much the same thing. This is what they're advertising? Things that work like they're sup-

A DAY OF ARMY LIFE

(Editor's note: the following is by no means an Anarchist article, but we reprint it as an example of the kind of worthwhile and thought-provoking material that often lies buried in almost unreadable tiny periodicals. We're committed to the idea of a REAL alternative press, and hope to use this series of reviews and examples to prod some publications into taking themselves a little more seriously. The text below is from "Never Over Five".)

Greetings: The valiant Mr. S. has coerced this tale of dread from me, a strange and twisted saga of life in the army. Please understand that this reflects one individual's thoughts, experiences and feelings—thus, someone else's may be different from mine. So take this as one man's description and not law written in stone as "the way it is all the time everywhere in the army."

I'm in a General Supply Company and I operate crane and work in a motor pool. As a private I live in the barracks and follow the B.S. army routine: up at 5:00 a.m., Phys. Training on Monday, Wednesday, Friday; inspections on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

The basics, right? We support the imperialist war machine, while others do the actual killing. Many are motivated by dangerous ideas of patriotism and such feelings as that the Soviet Union is evil (it's just more state-capitalism and imperialism)—which demonstrates that the establishment's indoctrination machine works well. But let's not confuse things; these people I work with and know are human beings, not terrifying, mindless automatons who respond only to commands. Folks here are good and bad like people everywhere. I've met a few honest, hardworking individuals who exemplify the good in the human spirit. There are also lousy individuals who cause problems in town and generally make the rest of us look like bums.

The army is an enormous bureaucracy and I can hardly understand how it continues to function. Don't take at face value the commercials on TV about this organization—the army can do what-

posed to? So I guess the NORM is things breaking down!" He quotes the following from Miami Vice (TV program): "Calderone murdered my son. And my woman. She was Calderone's sister. I killed their father. He was a major drug dealer. He killed my brother..." Anyway, you can probably still find a copy of this tiny magazine at T.B.S. Publications, 5414 Columbus Ave., Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

As I sort through these publications I feel a

ever it wants with you. Materially, we are not treated too badly; I have a nice room in a brand-new barracks, and we're permitted to have stereos, TVs and VCRs, refrigerators, etc., in our rooms. Think of a cell in which material goods are allowed, an opulent jail. Big Brother reigns, not in the form of constant observation but as mandatory urine tests—for pot, mainly. LSD is a popular alternative, non-detectable in urine. Folks drink liquor, too, as it is relaxing and numbs reality for a while. There are, however, educational opportunities here, and the main library has some surprising stuff for an army library (although the most militant periodical they stock is only *The Nation*.) Outside of the military reservation is the parasite town whose sole existence relates to the military base in terms of employment and cash flow to the local economy: whores, drugs, bars, and con artists of all colors inhabit the surrounding area.

Lofty ideals are not really thought, not in my company, anyway. If a war occurred I think many here would be jolted—'A war? Shit! I forgot that's what we were here for.' People just want to do their job and not be bothered.

The typical GI seems to be white and from the country, along with inner-city blacks. There is a lack of interest in heavy matters such as philosophy, politics, literature, fine art. In the pop let's-live-fast culture and with the shallow amerikan type, understanding is lacking. The officers are an aristocratic, predominantly white clique. I am surprised, however, at the black high-ranking officers who disprove the notion of an all white-male officer corps.

On a typical day I get up at 5:00, staggering around a bit. I turn on my desk lamp, make the bed to stupid specifications—wrinkle-free and tight (they don't bounce quarters off it). I put on a uniform with the woodland camouflage pattern that southern racist hicks are fond of and tuck the pants into sadistic black boots—polished highly or else. Polishing of boots is an interesting army ritual: creams, polishes, sprays, sponges, cloth diapers, brushes—one guy even rubs lighter fluid

great sadness—sorrow that writing that is thoughtful and even important is basically lost to the world through the ministrations of the incompetent alternative press. As I pick up the tiny mag that is on the bottom of the pile, one with a zero or even sub-SRAAF rating on appearance, I find myself turning it over and over trying to find the front and the title page. The mailing and address-label information page is otherwise blank, but if you open up from there the next pages are

onto them for a nice shine, but I'm lazy and only work like this for inspections. Next it's downstairs for morning information and mess hall. The Special Warfare School is down the street and their mess hall is the best so I go there instead of to the odd nautically decorated spam palace next door. The legends of nasty army grub are mostly false today; imagine eating in a nice school lunch-room all the time.

Next I'll go to the motor pool and get in touch with the squad leader (a boss) and find out what's up for today. My crane is having a new engine put in it so I'll help out with another squad member's tasks. Then I'll check out the crane thoroughly looking for defects, then start it up and drive around. It's enjoyable to work with a machine that is "yours"—army axiom is, you signed for it, it's yours (your responsibility). Don't smash it up through negligence or doom sets in.

In my squad we have 250,000 lb. container-handlers. The containers look like semi-truck trailers and vary in size from twenty to forty feet, and the container handler is a huge forklift. Its tires are taller than a man. All this equipment is fun to use because of its size, power and capabilities, and it's enjoyable but at times monotonous work. Highlights are weekends and paydays. An exploited private like myself makes a base pay of around \$700 a month but depending on such things as GI bills or allotments sees more or less than this. My last check was \$400 more than a guy two pay grades higher; he just had payments and other things to take care of. The workday is variable in the morning until 5:00 p.m. weekdays.

Military people seem to feel superior to civilians whom they perceive as an unruly mob that needs a haircut. But at the same time they're eager for their term to end. Still, many enjoy it and re-enlist, something I can understand but at the same time one hates the bullshit: get your hands out of your pockets, salute, shine boots, get in formations at odd hours, stand in ever-present lines, do paper work constantly...

There are folks from my company in Honduras, two from my squad, and our Commanding Officer is down there too. I'm increasingly resenting the U.S. position there. Down there it's oxdrawn wooden carts, wooden shovels, people scrounging in dumps. Here I look around and see a bloated

upside down. If you turn the magazine over and hold it upright with pages facing right to open, that page is upside down too, and only right-side up if the magazine is held backwards. There's text going every which way, and it's almost illegible, completely unreadable, ugly, partially handwritten, spottily reproduced, and replete with misspellings, deletions and strikeouts. It's *Never Over Five* (probably referring to its circulation), and I think (as far as I can gather) that it's pro-

mess hall where food waste is the norm, people have private cars, rooms, sinks, toilets, running water in each room, heat, electricity, street lights, shopping areas, material goods as a measure of success.

We're decadent legions of the empire, rich and bloated with conquest, converting an independent nation into a puppet state. We have robbed those Hondurans to support "our way of life". A democracy would assist fledgling nations and people desirous of self-determination, with friendship, goodwill and aid, not guns. U.S.-sponsored wars in Central America only keep the people fighting amongst themselves so that they won't notice that they could cooperate and build themselves up free from exploitation by outsiders. Such a realization is what the U.S. seeks to prevent. And in the whole business there's much waste in daily operation—confusion, ineptitude, lackadaisical attitude all being commonplace. The army system slugs along like an amoeba.

A saying in the army is "shit rolls downhill". So the task is shunted down the ladder to be completed by a mess of lower enlisted, while higher-ups are credited for doing good jobs. There are regulations and forms for everything, with every part or item having a number and a title, all labeled on the actual thing or in a manual someplace.

Our supply room has condoms that come in a cardboard box with a code number and description. Military-issue condoms? No, they're not green or camouflaged...

People will be people, too. Men and women in our company fall in love and some get married; the essential human factors are not crushed, they're just below the surface. Friends help each other, and strong bonds of friendship are formed. Trust is essential but you can't trust everyone. Having what is called a buddy provides someone on whom you can rely a lot. Keeping on good terms with everyone is important—you may get in a position where you need something from them, from cleaning supplies to a ride, so if they have memories of you screwing them over they will make life tough for you. It's too bad that things are vindictive and petty at times but oh well, it will all fall eventually. I feel all right. It's an experience.

—Joe.

duced by Bobby Sweet in St. Louis (Box 4570, 63108). But just to show what can be buried in such odd and tangled corners, I'll include a little of one article, printed herewith so that it can comfortably be read. And when you read it, remember that when good writing is buried, inaccessible, unread, something's wrong.

And it's only wrong to a somewhat greater extent with the tiny and cluttered xerox-zines, because in America no publication of any kind except utterly lying and reactionary is read by any appreciable number of people.

If every one of the hundreds of alternative papers could improve its appearance, cooperate with its fellows, and work toward a common goal of making society freer and more enlightened, something could possibly be accomplished. But as it is, the periodicals reviewed here, as well as this very periodical itself that I write in, never can gain the kind of world they want because they remain disconnected shards of a possible whole—fragile, blowing, wayward atoms.

P.S. Just as I finished this review column, the new packet came in from *Samisdat*. Maybe I was wrong about poetry—one of the pamphlets gave a page to the following powerful piece. It deserves more than a page in the consciousness of anyone who values life.

—D.H.

THE FOXES

*Near Gloucester,
on a range 1200 metres
above the sea,
hunters capsized a winter morning:
flayed a live dog fox.*

*I took a club to end the last of his pain,
heard a car rev to the west,
rifle shots on stony slopes
that chew a tire's meat—
looked at shelled eyes
the color of apricots,
tail scraped clean as a parsnip,
shape knuckled against a riverbank,
the ripe oranges of the skin gone.*

*Just as the club broke the skull
the ruined body arched itself,
legs drawn up
to protect nakedness.*

*I smelt the delicate scent
of male sex glands,
saw the blur of a vixen
redden the frost.*

—John Millett



UNZIPPED—*The Popes Bare All*, by Arthur F. Ide. American Atheist Press, 1987, 189 pages, \$6.00. "A Frank Study of Sex and Corruption in the Vatican."

WHEN I first saw this book I was excited. Accurate histories of the popes and their sordid lifestyles are rare, and I was sure American Atheists would publish a much needed book about Vatican vice and papal perversion. Boy was I wrong because this book is lousy.

Author Ide rushes through papal history with barely a paragraph for each pontiff. At such a dizzying rate of historical narration the reader quickly becomes "motion sick" and wants to puke. After reading about a few popes fucking their way to infamy, boredom sets in just like in a porno movie where characters are one dimensional and the story line confused. Although the book is generously footnoted as it tries for respectability through academic pomposity, it can't help being superficial. The story of the popes as cunning, ruthless leaders of a powerful religious institution and all the accompanying political intrigue is far beyond the scope of this puny endeavor.

The worst aspects of this book are its numerous errors, both historical and grammatical. For example Ide writes the following about Alexander VI buying the papacy: "Not only did [Alexander] have to spend approximately \$12 million, but took a fifteen-year-old mistress, Guila Fornese, by whom he had a daughter he named Laura to ensure his election...." Ide would have us believe the ridiculous notion that papal succession hung on the choice of a child's name. This book is peppered with these historical lunacies and it only takes a couple before Ide's work becomes a joke. In truth the choice of popes is governed through political maneuverings and extreme Machiavellian actions.

Author Ide has a penchant for misusing words. One particularly disturbing example of this was when he claimed early Christians were labeled anarchists. He doesn't grasp the meaning of the word and deludes himself into thinking that because early Christians opposed the state in some way, they were thought of as anarchists. The word anarchism and its beliefs didn't sprout until the 18th century, so writing that early Christians (circa 200 A.D.) were labeled anarchists is like writing that early Christians in order to escape sped away in a Cadillac with the radio blasting. Actually the words Anarchism and Christian are mutually exclusive. The anarchist believes in no authority—human or divine—and bases his life on logic, while a Christian accepts and worships authority and bases his life on superstition.

Another example to be lamented is Ide's repeated misuse of the word "pornocracy". He describes papal rule as a "pornocracy" but in reality he wants to say it was licentious. A pornocracy is a government of whores which is something different. For an author who at times pretentiously footnotes in ancient Greek and Latin to show off his scholasticism, it's surprising he doesn't know what the word means.

Am I nitpicking? Maybe. But when small errors continue to crop up and combine with major historical stupidities like the one I described earlier, a book purported to be factual becomes suspected of being half-baked fantasy and comes crashing down with a thud.

It's not only what this book says that makes it bad, but also what it doesn't say. It fails to discuss the Vatican during this century which makes the reader think that the author is wholly ignorant of Catholicisms "pornographic" relationship with fascism. Also for example when the book describes Innocent III (1198-1216), the initiator of the Inquisition, it fails to mention tidbits such as that ol' Innocent, while in failing health, took only nourishment directly from the breasts of young women and was given blood transfusions from young boys, three of whom died as a result of such blood sucking. How can a book which purports to be a "frank study of sex and corruption in the Vatican" overlook such facts? The answer is the author is poorly informed as to what he's writing about.

Allow me one last shot and then I'll let this corpse of a book rest in peace. The back cover has a photo of Ide and he looks to be in his forties. The blurb boasts that he's "authored more than 200 books" which quite frankly I can't believe. Even if he's been writing for 25 years, he's got to write a book every six weeks to hit 200. Once again something is not right with this book.

All I can say is don't waste your time and money on this book. American Atheists should have taken a stronger editorial stance to ensure better quality. Worst of all is that the religious community will have no difficulty dismissing this book as a fraud, and their deceitful reconstruction of papal history will continue unaffected.

—Jeff Gallagher

BRICK PILLOW, no. 55, 4320 196th SW, B, Lynnwood, Washington 98036.

Reviewed by F.W.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT, one of the most mind-engaging periodicals we've run across lately is an unprepossessing-looking set of stapled photocopies sent out by a guy who lives in his van and umpires baseball games for a living in Lynnwood, Washington. "Brick Pillow" is the name or alias of both the guy and his publication; apparently he's been writing these papers since high school and is now up to issue 55, a more than respectable length of time for any kind of alternative medium to exist.

BP is a sort of correspondence exchange—the readers mail in their comments and arguments, BP publishes them with his own responses (when so moved), and these editorial remarks are so far as I'm concerned some of the best material I've ever read—cogent, precise, occasionally sarcastic, and thoroughly animated by an odd, rare, far off the beaten track personality quirk: *love of freedom*.

In America, love of freedom shows up about as often as full eclipses of the sun. Every day I throw down the newspaper in disgust as another "mature", "thoughtful" columnist speaks of every imaginable aspect of an issue except how it relates to the one thing everybody needs the most and is commonly deprived of the most often—the simple right to do as they will and to be left alone. If there's a debate going on about whether to require everyone to wear seatbelts, motorcycle helmets, support hose or purple toenail polish, you can bet they'll look at every facet of the matter but one: how does any organization have the right to order compliance? Instead they'll swat up statistics proving the advantage of this or that, *advantage*, or *safety* being all they need to conclude their demonstration with the usual stern call for another LAW.

I get very tired of reading such stuff. Even when I pick up Anarchist material anymore I tend to see a lot of blather about "workers" this and "councils" that, huffy talk about "deep ecology" (whatever that is), "struggle", "sexism" and similar buzzwords. That's why I liked *Brick Pillow*—the fellow's an Anarchist who has little contact with the Anarchist "movement" (and jeezus is he ever better off for it). He's uncorrupted by slogans and timely-toy-topics of febrile leftism. He starts off an issue exulting in how great it's been lately to get a good night's sleep in the new place where he's parking his truck; only three cop hassles in recent months, and he's gotten rid of his handgun, following an incident with a prowler in which he was within an ace of the psychological point of wasting a fellow human being.

His readers are a different breed. Most of them seem to possess that strange dedication that I see so often (it must be endemic to the American people) to totally dishearten anyone who cherishes a love of liberty. It's not enough they don't want it for themselves; they aren't content until

they scratch out the eyes of those who CAN see the sky. One reader launches off with some mumbo-jumbo about respect for human life, but winds up supporting the death penalty as a "sign of respect" for criminals. Typical "libertarian" bunk, padded out by resorts to cobwebbed canards of philosophy and obscurantism—and Brick cuts them apart like a straight-razor through cobwebs. When the libertarian starts his spiel about "moral men" and "we're not talking about killing innocent people," the Brick comes crashing through with the following eminent good-sense, which, you will notice, does NOT babble about "Kantian imperatives", "philosophical utilitarianism" or any other smoky adulterations: "Of course we're talking [regarding the death penalty] about killing innocent people. We're not infallible; we're human. So long as there are prisons, innocent men will be locked away with the guilty. So long as there is execution, innocent men will be killed with the guilty."

When the libertarian ends up sniveling that "To kill Manson is an act of respect to him," BP inquires, "...Does Manson want your respect? Probably not. Your strange use of words is frightening. Do me a favor: don't respect me. I want to live." If only there was more of this in such debate—not phoney deference but just a simple notification to the babblers that their language is utterly void of sense. Such a pinprick would burst the entire bubble of religion and most statism and other authoritarianism besides.

One of the most horrifying "libertarians" I've seen in a long while pops up in BP's current issue, a character named Owens who writes in to try to point out, allegedly from a far superior position of thought and experience, all the errors and pitfalls of real anti-authoritarians' thinking. He makes statements like, "I was a liberal/left criminals-are-victims-of-society type when I moved into the first neighborhood [where 'law enforcement' had 'broken down']", and a firebreathing, law-and-order, hang-'em-high-and-grind-'em-for-dogmeat type when I moved out of the last. It was an educational experience; it taught me a lot about

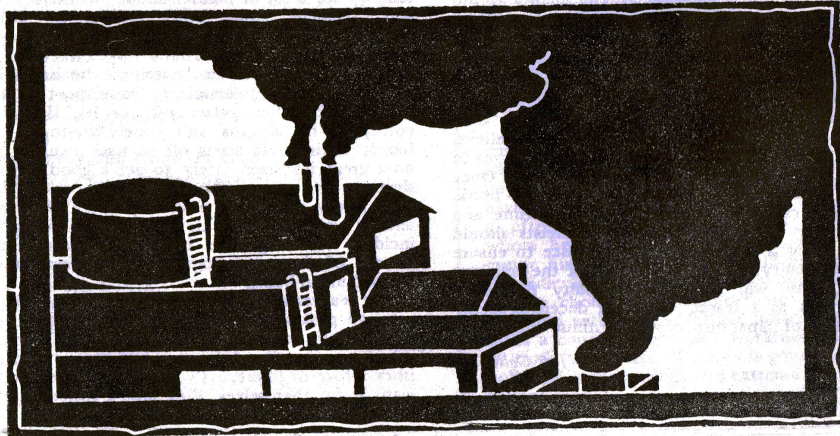
the need for law." From this he extrapolates to horrors such as the essential decency (as he perceives it) of the Reagan Administration's policy toward Libya: "When Reagan bombs Libya to show those smelly barbarians we can and will punish them for attacking us, that's marvelous—makes me feel like dancing in the streets."

Brick replies: "Can't you see past your nationalism? What do you figure a Libyan's reaction will be? They will be angry, David, understandably angry. They'll come to hate Americans even more when they hear that you're dancing in the streets. Perhaps some of these angry people will lash out at their only handy target, and kill some innocent Americans, and if they do you can bet the Libyans will be dancing in their streets, as deliriously happy as you were when innocent Libyans were being killed. Death goes on, nationalism at its best. Putrid stuff."

"And all I get from this," Brick continues, "is that you like the status quo. If they bomb us, we bomb them, never mind asking why. Keep throwing stones back and forth, don't ask who threw the first stone, or who'll throw the last... Balderdash! ...When [America] stops meddling in every corner of the world... terrorism won't be a problem for Americans."

Simple good sense. His colossally authoritarian correspondent also comes up with, of course, a justification for the most heinous form of statist abuse of all—conscription ("You want to live in a free society, but you don't want to do anything which would be necessary to create or sustain that society.") The editor's response: "I not only want to, I have done many things which fit that definition, though my primary goal, as you surmise, is my own comfort. What I'm unwilling to do is to lay down my life in the service of a cause I don't believe in. ...What you seem to find so repugnant is that I'm not willing to fight for what YOU believe in." The response cuts to the heart of authoritarians' rhetoric.

In a noble effort to match the unethicality of the preceding correspondents, Robert Black, attorney-at-law, brings up the interesting subject of



myself, as he coyly notes the "rumor" (started by him) that I'm a "police agent". I guess I must now reveal the truth after many years of fooling everyone: My name is not really Fred Woodworth. It's J. Edgar Woodworth. Officially I'm Agent X-9, though they'll have my badge for this. Meanwhile, it's a funny thing about Black: he was a resident of California but now lists his address as P. O. Box 431, Boston, Massachusetts—having moved in a big hurry after what were formerly his closest associates also turned, at his whim, into cops, "rich marxists", "goons," etc. Almost anyone Black knows of who fails to knuckle under to his bullying, is a Police Agent. Black has one of those minds like Marcus Graham's—foggy with delusions of persecution, spreading hatred and suspicion wherever he goes. What keeps such people from ever seeing themselves for what they are, is a self-protective barrier like the skunk's, which makes him immune to a sense of how nauseatingly he stinks. Black's view of himself comes through in the first part of his letter in *Brick Pillow* as remarks that "Myth of Mental Illness" Szasz should be "relished as an epigrammatist and polemicist in the Kraus/Mencken/Black tradition, but we guys don't prove our points, we just say them better than other people can." True, Black doesn't prove his points; in fact he's mentally incapable of it. His comparison of himself with H. L. Mencken, who would have squashed him like a bug, shows where he's at on the Pompous Scale, and if he gets any farther out in space he'll have to use Pioneer XI to relay his signals.

Still another BP correspondent professes his "worry" over Brick's lifestyle, and remarks that "While I still like your magazine, I'm not so sure when I really think I'm getting a lunatic letter from somebody who has crossed the fine line between sanity and insanity." Apparently it is Brick's living in his truck that bothers this reader, leading us to reflect that this is the nature of things in this strange, utopian milieu of ours: people can earnestly debate the restructuring of the entire world, but become agast at a man who lives in a truck.

Brick Pillow's hassle with the Post Office is one that should concern the general body of readers and mail-recipients in the United States. It seems he'd been getting his mail at a private establishment known as Mail America. When that outfit went out of business, the Post Office refused to honor changes of address and returned all mail to senders.

This has been standard operating procedure for the postal bureaucrats, and here at *The Match!* we have had some subscribers vanish permanently when their magazines were returned to us with this notation. Everyone who uses private mail outlets should be aware that this could happen to them. I mail a fair amount of material from a local business called the Letter Box, and have become known to the proprietors so that they're always urging me to transfer my own address to their store. It would certainly be more convenient, but if the Letter Box went out of business it would be catastrophic; huge quantities of mail would be lost irretrievably by being sent back marked "unforwardable." Brick prints a letter from the Post

Office stating, "Our obligation was to deliver the mail to Mail America—period. Any forwarding, or returning of mail was the sole responsibility of Mail America, not the Postal Service. ... Regulations require that we return ALL mail addressed to Mail America, to sender. We are unable to honor your change of address card." Later, after vigorous complaint from Brick, he gets a very slight concession in this letter from the Post Office: "Dear Mr. Pillow: It seems to me that, since Mail America closed suddenly and without advance warning, you unknowingly were penalized for their actions. Therefore, in an effort to get your mail to you, we are sending what mail we have, up to today's, this one time. From tomorrow on, we will be returning ALL mail to sender. ...We realize the inconvenience this may have caused you, but hopefully you will realize that we have 'bent' the rules a little just to get this mail to you."

Truly incredible. "Inconvenience" is a mild word for the calamity involved to a periodical when readers' mail never reaches it. Would they do this to *Time Magazine*? Of course not.

Brick Pillow, the publication, shows the constant evolution of its namesake editor. And I like that. His magazine is just typewritten and photocopied, but it could evolve into something widely read, with a little attention to the nuts and bolts of printing; it has the solid idea base for it. As Brick writes "I'm delighted with where my life has taken me and with what lies ahead."

ARRESTED! NOW WHAT? —A self-help guide to the criminal justice system, by Stephen Blake. Published by Self-Counsel Press, 1303 N. Northgate Way, Seattle, Wash. 98133. 133 pages, \$7.95.

Reviewed by I. R. Ybarra



JUSTICE: one's set of associations with this word is liable to vary between reverence and bitterness in accord with how much personal experience one has had with the formal version of Justice in one's particular country. Blake's purpose is by no means to preach, but the lessons of his close knowledge of at least the American system of justice, come through louder than any political harangue. The book takes us through the steps of criminal "justice" chronologically, starting with arrest and finishing with a look at what happens post-trial, from repercussions with employers to civil lawsuits.

Stephen Blake knows what he's talking about, and while he is by no means any Anarchist (and would probably react with alarm and derision at the bare prospect of our advocating a stateless society), he has had considerable experience with law and its operations. This has led him to view "the system" with the trial-lawyer's typical lack of naive illusions.

The likelihood of arrest is growing. Consider these statistics as reported by United Press International on March 1, 1987: in a study of 240,000 men of age 18 years in 1974 through the age of

29 in 1985, 35.4%—just over one-third—suffered arrest at some point. Nearly half of those arrested once were arrested again. And that's only part of the story—looking at the ethnic sections of the studied group it was found whereas 33.9% of white or hispanic men were arrested during the time span, 65.5% of black men were taken into custody. Significantly, the legal research consultant with the University of California, Robert Tillman, who conducted the study, said it included only men because more of them are arrested than women.

If one extrapolates the ten-year period over a lifetime, it's apparent that the odds of being arrested are very great indeed. Coming out of an arrest with your life relatively intact is largely a matter of chance, not guilt or innocence of crime, and author Blake regards the survival of arrest as a matter of strategy. Here's an example of how he reveals the arbitrariness of the system: bail—a consequence of the presumption of innocence—is written into the Constitution: "Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted." Yet there is a value-judgment contained in that sentence, and it is the word 'excessive'. Who decides what is excessive? This is the point where random factors enter the picture.

If the judge has a severe headache one day, bail

CIVIL RIGHTS VS. THE NEW RIGHT

Well organized and financed pressure from the far right has dealt serious blows lately to what we see, read, hear and ultimately think.

Libraries and textbooks are under new attacks at school. Many gifted artists now face McCarthy-era black-balling. Urinalysis and even lie-detector tests at work are being actively promoted by the Reagan administration under the excuse of a drug scare.

Attorney-General Edwin Meese has used a wildly contrived study of pornography as the first step in a personal crusade to widen the crackdown on free speech. His commission has threatened magazine retailers through letters under the table, while Meese strives with Reagan to pack the federal court system with avowed enemies of liberty.

People once viewed as dangerous right-wing extremists have succeeded in casting themselves as spokesmen of the American mainstream.

In their world, music and literature can be judged harmful yet Star Wars is considered perfectly safe.

—No More Censorship

may be demanded that is higher than that on another day. The author points out, without commenting on, the "changing attitude toward bail," which is really an almost-complete erosion of the very concept: In earlier times, 'excessive' bail was stopped by reference to a fixed amount of bail that was demanded for any given crime. By the 1960s, 'excessive' came to relate to an individual's personal resources. With the Bail Reform Act of 1984, which came into being following a huge outcry over police statistics showing that released defendants tended to commit further crimes during the time awaiting trial, "preventive detention" was authorized, thus denying bail to anyone arrested for a crime of violence, anyone arrested for a capital crime, anyone arrested for a drug offense for which the maximum sentence is more than ten years, and certain other groups ("dangerous" ones, ones who "might flee", etc.)

As Blake points out, "this is a large group, one that conceivably includes every defendant." And, as we know, the Justice Department has lately held that when the Constitution bans "excessive bail", it doesn't actually require that there be ANY bail—a form of jesuitical reasoning that underscores the futility of depending on any piece of paper for the enunciation of our rights.

Realizing that you can, upon arrest, spend time locked up awaiting trial or be free to assist in the preparation of your own defense during the same period, all of which hinges upon being granted bail, certain efforts should be exerted to swing the arbitrariness of the bail system in your favor. His portrait of bail-bondsmen is horrifying but realistic: "The bondsman is an insurance agent...selling insurance against risks. You promise to show up for court... if you don't show up, your bail is forfeited and the bondsman has to pay. The word bondsman conjures up images of money-grubbing, cruel men who take advantage of the weak and destitute by extracting fees and concessions. That is not universally true but there have been enough stories of abuse to support the image." (Lawyerese, meaning: the image is completely true.)

He continues by outlining how bondsmen can post \$1000 bond for you if you don't have the thousand yourself; they get 10% of the sum, \$100, as a fee. If you have the \$1000, therefore, it makes sense to post your own bond unless, and this is one aspect Blake does not touch on, you are up on any sort of political charge (demonstrating, burning the flag, etc.), because in those cases the government almost always keeps your bond money by the expedient of sentencing you to a jail term AND a fine—a fine that just happens in most cases to be the exact amount you had posted for bail. (This is done not only to punish the "offender" but his or her associates and friends who may have helped post the bond—a devious means of enforcing guilt and punishment by association.)

Bondsmen can and do inquire deeply into all aspects of your personal and economic life, so that the coercion of being under arrest and naturally wanting to get out of custody forces you to give up all kinds of rights to privacy. "Bondsmen,"

Blake notes, "are private jailers with little court control."

In subsequent chapters the author examines the defense system—how to deal with an attorney, what kind of arrangements to have with him or her. He tells how to evaluate an attorney, and how to help in preparation of your own defense. At this point it's rather obvious that for a person who exists in a so-called presumption of innocence, you are being subjected to a rather enormous amount of expense (removal of your property from your ownership) and hassle (subjection of yourself to tension, threat, and control), again proving that constitutional guarantees don't actually give you much.

Blake's book is valuable in two ways: it gives a person information on how to behave, how to dress, talk, and act so as to minimize threat of punishment. At the same time it is, frankly, what I would call valuable propaganda for the premise that the legal system is one of the most unjust contrivances of man.

I was once arrested. Though found not guilty I temporarily lost my health, permanently lost my job and my reputation in the community, lost hundreds of dollars in legal fees. None of this was restored by the finding of 'not guilty' (and that wasn't just a finding; I really wasn't guilty and was only accused out of police maliciousness). The criminal justice system is an alarming threat to our rights—perhaps a bigger threat than the criminal actions it purports to halt, but does not. Predations of criminals AND the criminal justice system add up to a quantity of victimization that makes it almost a certainty that sometime in your life you will suffer from one or the other. Blake's book won't insulate you from these chance circumstances, but it will direct your steps toward some kind of positive response in case you are arrested, and, I hope, some kind of social criticism and awareness even if you aren't.

The Handmaid's Tale, by Margaret Atwood (Fawcett Crest, 1987, 395 pages, \$4.95)

—Reviewed by Neal Wilgus

WHEN I say that *The Handmaid's Tale* is the feminist's 1984, the feminists will no doubt take offense, but I mean the remark in the best and most objective sense. After all, Orwell didn't invent the dystopia, he just perfected it—so much so that almost everyone knows that 1984 is shorthand for the ultimate in totalitarianism, or your favorite nightmare come true. Being a leftist, Orwell's nightmare was a rightwing dystopia called Ingsoc, but everybody's 1984 features its own theme and furniture.

In *The Handmaid's Tale* the dystopia is run by and for the right-wing fundamentalist christian. The story is the narrow experience of its narrator, Offred, and consequently most of the social and political happenings are offstage. We do learn that the President and Congress of the old USA were killed during a religious revolution, that all

pleasures (including reading) are forbidden, that there's a war going on somewhere—but mainly we see what Offred sees, which is little and close to home.

Offred is the Handmaid, of course, which means that her sole purpose is to conceive a child for the Commander, her master and one of the leaders of the new Republic of Gilead. But in the rigid and ritualized practices of this religious police state all romance and emotion are strictly suppressed and the sex act itself is carefully prescribed, monitored—and boring. Offred, and her companion Ofglen,

1968—a book of stories and poems by Jim Martin

Jim Martin is a printer with the Red Star Black Rose Printing & Graphics collective in Oakland, California; and he has organized Flatland Distribution, a company that handles Anarchist and other suppressed literature for bookstores and mail orders. His small book is an example of modern alternative publishing at its best—the new style of "underground" work that departs from previous modes in every way. He not only does not depend on commercial publishers, who often censor and change an author's material before they allow it to get into print, but he doesn't even subject his work to the vicissitudes of commercial printers, preferring to do the necessary work himself. The result is a book that is actually quite rare in modern times—a book completely in the manner the author desired.

Much of the material in "1968" is autobiographical, ranging from the title story to the ending poem on "The Press", which is partially in the style of Poe's clanging celebration, "The Bells". One story, "The Battle for Bali", is a snapshot of war that portrays the individual as helpless in the grasp of an army—compelling reason to avoid being ensnared by such organizations as youth so often are. Jim is asking for \$3.00 a copy, and it isn't a waste of your money if you want to own and read an actual product of a writer who is going his own way, rather than fobbing off on the public the diluted products of editorial groupthink and timidity.

—K.W.